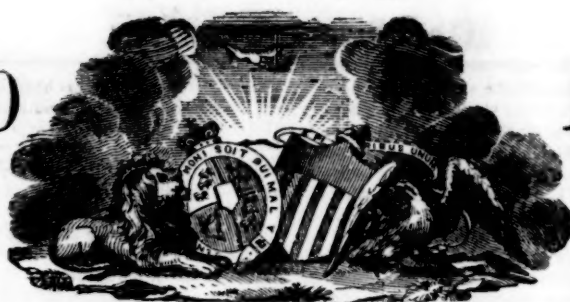


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

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THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Away, away, I burst!
Who will follow me? who?
I have quenched my burning thirst,
And I'm off!—Whiz, whistle, whee!

With my glowing heart of fire,
And my never tiring arm,
And my whispering magic wire,
With its space-destroying charm,
From the city I sweep along,
Like an arrow swift and true;
And before the eyes of the dazzled throng
I sing out out—Whiz, whistle, whee!

The citizen stood in my path,
With the bower of delights he had made,
And proudly he vowed, in his mouth,
That his privacy none should invade;—
My gold in his purse dropped sweet,
My iron o'er his lawn I throw,
And I laughed at the calm of his snug retreat,
With a merry whistle, whee!

The peer, from his old grey towers—
His forefathers' proud domain—
Looked down on my new born powers
With a lordly and high disdain:—
But he started to see my breath
His ancestral oaks bedew;
And I greeted his ear, his window beneath,
With a piercing whistle, whee!

The Scot on his wild hill stood,
Defying my onward course;
And, pointing to mountain and flood,
He dared me a passage to force;—
But my arch o'er the gulf I flung,
And the startled heathcock flew
As the caverned breast of the lone hills rung
With a tearing whistle, whee!

Poor Pat from his bog looked round,
And mocked my advancing tread;—
But I taught him to drain the deceitful ground,
And his little ones blessed me for bread;
For Famine forsook his door
When I made him my servant true,
And wherever I went he passed on before,
To make way for the whistle, whee!

When I came to the crowded town
They said I must stand outside;—
But from high on their roofs I looked down,
And they stared at my giant stride;
Then, hiding with cunning art,
I tunneled in darkness through,
And came rushing up in the city's heart,
With a fierce whiz, whistle, whee!

The old Royal Mail dashed on,
With its coachman and guard in state,
And its foaming steeds, and its bugle-blower,
In its glory and pride elate;—
To a creeping bus it shrunk,
As my steam-cloud arose in view;
And its haughty guard to a cabman sunk,
Came to meet the whistle, whee!

'Tis good that I pass along;
From the smoke of the city I bear
A pale and o'erwearied throng
To the fields and the fresh sweet air.
'T is good; for my path is fraught
With boons for the country too—
I waken men's spirits to life and thought
With my stirring whistle, whee!

I fly like the tempest's wing—
Yet the timid have naught to fear;
A great but a gentle thing—
An infant might check my career.
Away, away, away!
Who will not follow me? who?
Peasant and prince the shrill summons obey
Of my proud whiz, whistle, whee!

A. M.

It is a good rule not absolutely to despise the opinion of blockheads. An ox, says a writer, is a stupid sort of an animal, but an irritated ox is dangerous, especially if one can't get out of his way. The quadruped ox and the biped ass have a strong resemblance in this particular.

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.

PERICO; THE MEXICAN VAGABOND.

CHAPTER II.

TWO HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

There are few cities in Mexico which do not possess their *alameda*;* and, as is proper for the capital of a republic, that of Mexico is unquestionably the finest. There is no promenade of the kind at Paris. Hyde Park resembles it most. The *alameda* of Mexico forms a long square, surrounded by a wall breast high, along a deep ditch, of which the muddy waters and fetid exhalations disfigure this otherwise irreproachable spot of delight. A gate at each angle forms an opening for carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. Poplars, ash-trees, and willows, form a bower over the principal road, appropriated to horses and carriages, which silently roll and gallop over the smooth ground. Alleys converging into large common centres, ornamented with sparkling fountains, interpose their clumps of myrtles, roses, and jessamine between the carriages and the pedestrians, whose eyes can follow through the odoriferous shade the luxurious equipages and fiery steeds prancing in the *alameda*. The noise of the wheels, stifled by the sand of the avenues, hardly reaches the ear, mingled as it is with the murmur of the water, the perfumed breeze which plays amid the everlasting verdure, and the buzz of the bees and humming birds. Gilded carriages incessantly drive past, and the splendid trappings of the Mexican horses shine in all their brilliancy by the side of an English saddle, which looks very mean amidst this perfectly Oriental luxury. The fine ladies, at the hour of the promenade, exchange the *saya* and *mantilla* for costumes six months behind the last Parisian fashions. Indolently stretched on the carriage cushions, they repose those feet which are their pride, and the admiration of Europeans, in shoes, alas! too much neglected. Fortunately the drawn up windows allow nothing to be seen but their diadems of black hair, enlivened by natural flowers, their seductive smiles, and their gestures, in which vivacity and indolence are so gracefully blended. The fan is waved, and speaks its mysterious language at the carriage door. The crowd of pedestrians offers a no less piquant spectacle; and there are fewer melancholy European costumes mingled with the variegated ones of America.

On the evening of the day on which I had witnessed the bull fight, I mingled with the crowd of idlers that usually frequent the space between the *paseo* and the *alameda*. Night was slowly drawing on; the lamps were about to be lighted, and the promenaders, both on foot and in carriages, were quickly returning to their homes. It was Sunday. Noisily repeated by the numerous bells of the churches and convents, the call to the angelus resounded above the murmurs of the crowd, of which one portion stood respectfully still whilst the other hurried onwards in a torrent, which no obstacle can restrain. The daylight, which threw its last gleams through the grate of the *Morgue*, feebly lighted up the victims who lay pell-mell on a stone bed, stained here and there with large pools of blood. Repulsed in vain by the soldiers, who sent them away to weep, the women lamented in front of the bars, uttering shrieks of grief. Their cries attracted the passengers; some pitied, others only stared inquisitively at them. Kneeling by the grating of the *morgue*, his head uncovered, and holding the bridle of a richly-caparisoned horse, a man was praying devoutly. By his costume it was easy to see that he belonged to the easy class of inhabitants of *Tierra Afuera*, a class which equally disdain the fashions and ideas of Europe. This picturesque equipment, however, harmonised well with his manly and *distingue* features. Above the stranger's right eyebrow was a long, narrow scar. It was, doubtless, the hands me young man whom Perico had that very morning described to me. Was he thanking God for having preserved him from danger, or for permitting him to love and be loved? and, moreover, the devotions which gave rise to these conjectures were suddenly interrupted. Frightened by the noise of the carriages, a rebellious horse struck with violence against the ladder, at the top of which a *sereno* was lighting a lamp suspended to the walls of the barrack of La Acadada. The *sereno* fell from a height of fifteen feet, and remained motionless on the pavement. It would be easy to describe the feeling of the unfortunate rider at sight of the insensible, and, perhaps, mortally wounded *sereno*, for I must confess that the rider was myself; but I prefer telling what followed.

Every one is well acquainted with the benevolent habits of the population of large towns towards those who by accident are guilty of such misfortunes. Yet it is impossible to have an exact idea of the spirit of such a populace, in Mexico especially, towards a stranger, which there is synonymous with a natural enemy. Repressed, notwithstanding his mettle, by a dense crowd of lepers, who only deliberated as to the nature of the punishment to be inflicted on the unhappy author of such a crime, my horse was of no use to me, and I found myself for an instant envying the fate of the *sereno*, insensible at least to the blows of the multitude, who carelessly trod him under foot. Fortunately chance sent me two auxiliaries, on one of whom, at least, I was far from reckoning. The first was an *alcade*, who, escorted by four soldiers, made his way up to me, and told me that in his eyes I was guilty of having caused the death of a Mexican citizen. I silently bowed. In compliance with the magistrate's orders, the still inanimate body of the *sereno* was laid on a *tupacale* (species of litter), always kept in reserve at the barracks for similar cases; then politely inviting me to alight from horseback, the *alcade* summoned me to follow on foot the litter, as far as the palace, where I should be at two steps from the prison. It may be supposed that I took care not to comply at once with this invitation; I endeavoured to demonstrate to the *alcade* that the exceptional case in which I stood in nowise authorised such a procession. Unfortunately the *alcade* was like all his fellows gifted with strong obstinacy, and only replied to all my reasoning by insisting more than ever on the respect

* *Alameda*, literally, a spot planted with poplars—*alamos*; a generic name for public promenades.

due to custom. I then thought of seeking amongst the spectators some one who would be my security, and I naturally glanced towards the spot where I had noticed the kneeling cavalier, who had at first sight inspired me with such interest; but he had disappeared. Was I then to be compelled to submit to the odious formality required by the alcade? At this moment Fate sent me the second auxiliary, of whom I have spoken. This new personage, who interposed between me and the alcade, was majestically wrapped in a cloak of olive-coloured queretaro cloth, of which one turned up end almost covered his face. Through the numerous rents of the cloak appeared a jacket of no less equivocal a texture. Once arrived before the alcade, after having, not without difficulty, got through the crowd, this personage passed his arm through one of the holes of his cloak, and was thus able to touch the remains of the hat which covered his head, without disturbing the folds of his cape. He courteously uncovered, whilst a few cigarettes, a lottery ticket, and an image of the miraculous virgin of Guadalupe, remained sticking in his rough black hair. I was not a little surprised to recognise in this respectable Mexican citizen my friend Perico, whom I thought dead, and on the eve of being buried.

"Senor alcade," said Perico, "this cavalier is right. He committed this murder involuntarily; he must, therefore, not be confounded with ordinary malefactors; and, besides, I am here to be security for him, for I have the honour of being intimately acquainted with him."

"And who will answer for you?" asked the alcade.

"My antecedents," modestly replied the zaragate; "and this cavalier," added he, pointing to me.

"But if you are security for him?"

"Well, then, I am security for this cavalier; he is security for me; there are two securities instead of one; and your lordship could find nothing better."

I confess that, placed between the justice of the alcade, and the fatal protection of Perico, I hesitated an instant. On his side, the alcade scarcely seemed convinced by the syllogism which Perico had uttered with such triumphant assurance. I thought it, therefore, better to end the debate by giving in a low voice my direction to the alcade.

"Well," he continued, retiring, "I accept the security of your friend in the olive cloak, and will go straight to your dwelling, where I hope to find you."

The alcade and soldiers disappeared; the crowd still remained as dense and menacing as before, but a shrill whistle, and two or three gambols, soon caused Perico to be acknowledged by the men of his caste, who eagerly made way for him. The lepero then took my horse's bridle, and I quitted these sinister groups, very uneasy as to the termination of my adventure, and especially grieved at the unfortunate event which had been its origin.

"How is it I find you in such good health?" said I to my guide, when I had attained a little calmness. "I confess that I thought your affairs in this world for ever ended."

"God performed a miracle in favour of his servant," returned Perico, and he devoutly raised his eyes to heaven; "but it seems, senor, as if my resurrection annoyed you. You can conceive, that notwithstanding all my desire of being agreeable to you—"

"By no means, Perico, by no means, I am delighted to see you alive; but how was this miracle effected?"

"I do not know," gravely replied the lepero; "only it occurred with sufficient rapidity to enable me to resume my place among the spectators of the fight, and even to attempt another ascension. I had just confessed, and been newly absolved; it was an unique occasion of risking my life without exposing my soul. I determined to profit by it, and it brought me luck, for this time, in spite of the bull who lifted me up on his horns, I fell on my feet, to the great delight of the public, who showered real and half-real coins on me. Then finding myself, thanks to you especially, with a tolerably well-filled purse, I thought of satisfying my love of dress, and went to the *baratillo*, where I purchased this costume, which gives me a very respectable look. You saw with what consideration the alcade treated me. There is nothing like being well dressed, senor!"

I saw clearly that the rascal had cheated me once more, and that his pretended agony, like his confession, had been to him but an excellent means of getting a few piasters from me. I confess, nevertheless, that my anger was disarmed at this moment, by the comic dignity with which the lepero strutted about in his ragged cloak all the time he was talking in this strange way. I determined on ridding myself of company that was becoming importunate to me, and contented myself with saying smilingly to Perico,—

"If I reckon accurately, your children's illnesses, your wife's confinement, and your own shroud, have cost me about a hundred piasters; to acquit you of the whole sum, will be, I hope, sufficiently generous remuneration for the service you have just rendered me. I will, therefore, return home at once, and renew my thanks for your good offices."

"Your home, senor! what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Perico. "Why, by this time your house must be surrounded by the armed force; you are being sought for among your friends; you do not know the alcade you have to deal with!"

"You know him, then?"

"I know all the alcades, senor; and what proves how little I merit the surname bestowed on me is, that all the alcades do not know me; but of all his fellows, the one who is now in pursuit of you is the most cunning, the most rapacious, and the most diabolical."

Although I had some reason to think this an exaggerated portrait, I felt for a moment shaken in my resolution. Then Perico represented in really pathetic terms the happiness his wife and children would feel at seeing their benefactor asking them for a night's shelter. Having to choose between two equally interested protectors, I allowed myself to be convinced by the one whose avidity had the best appearance: I decided upon once more following the lepero.

Meanwhile, night advanced: we traversed suspicious lanes, deserted places, streets unknown to me, and buried in darkness. Serenos became more and more scarce; I felt myself hurried away to the extremity of those suburbs into which justice dares not penetrate; and I was unarmed, at the mercy of a man whose frightful confession I had heard. Hitherto the zaragate, I must confess, had not appeared to me to stand out, by his shamelessly avowed crimes, from a population demoralised by ignorance, want, and civil wars; but at that hour, and amidst that labyrinth of dark lanes, and in the silence of night, his origination gave fantastic and colossal dimensions to his picturesque figure. The position was a critical one. Suddenly to abandon such a guide in these desolate neighbourhoods, was dangerous; to follow him was no less so.

"But where do you live?" I asked Perico.

The lepero scratched his head in answer. I repeated my question.

"To say the truth," he continued at last, "having no fixed dwelling, I live a little every where."

"And your wife and children, and the shelter you offered me?"

"I had forgotten," imperturbably replied the zaragate, "that I yesterday sent my wife and children to—Queretaro; but as to shelter—"

"Is that at Queretaro also?" I asked Perico, discovering too late that this worthy personage's wife and children were as imaginary as his dwelling.

"As to the shelter," added Perico, with the same impassability, "you shall share that which the resources of my imagination will procure me, and which I find when my means do not allow of my hiring a dwelling, for Heaven does not send us every day bull fights, and similar godsend. Look there," he continued, pointing to a vacillating and distant light, which was reflected on the granite pavement, "that is, perhaps, what we want."

We advanced to the light shining at some distance, and soon perceived that it escaped from the lantern of a sereno. Enveloped in a yellowish cloak, hardly in a better condition than Perico's, the guardian of the night, curled upon the pavement, seemed to follow with melancholy gaze the large clouds that floated through the heavens. At our approach he remained immovable in his indolent attitude.

"Hallo! friend," said the zaragate, "do you know of any *velorio* in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes! between this and some *cuadras*, and near the bridge of the Gixamo, you will find one; and if I did not fear some round of the senor regidor's, or if I found some brave lad who would wear my cloak, and take care of my lantern, I would go to the entertainment myself."

"Much obliged," said Perico, courteously; "we will profit by the information."

The sereno cast a glance of astonishment at my costume, which formed a singular contrast with Perico's.

"Gentlemen like that cavalier are little in the habit of frequenting such places," said the man of the police.

"It is a special case; this senor has contracted a debt which obliges him not to return home to night."

"That alters the case," said the sereno; "there are debts one likes to pay as late as possible." And, listening to the sounds of a distant clock, the guardian of the night, troubling himself no more about us, called out in a doleful voice,—

"Nine o'clock, and a stormy night!"

He then resumed his first attitude, whilst the distant voices of serenos replied to him in succession, through the silence of the night. I continued my melancholy march behind Perico, followed by my horse, whom I was leading by the bridle, for the police regulations forbid any one to pass through the streets of Mexico on horseback after the oracion; and I was nowise disposed to have any fresh points of discussion with the alcades. Shall I confess it? The only thing which decided me at that moment, not to separate from my guide, was my curiosity, which his words had just aroused. I wanted to know what a *velorio* could be? and that love of novelty which finds so many opportunities of indulgence in Mexico once more tore me from my troubles. We had not walked ten minutes, before, as the sereno told us, we found a bridge built across a narrow canal. Some dilapidated houses bathed their greenish bases in the greasy, stagnant water. A lamp, which burnt dimly before a *ratillo* of "The Souls in Purgatory," cast a livid reflex on the stagnant water. On the *azoteas* (terraces) some watch-dogs howled at the moon, which was sometimes quite hidden, sometimes fringed only by a floating curtain of clouds, for we were in the rainy season. Except these melancholy noises, all was silent there as in the other parts of the town we had traversed. The windows of a first story, opposite the picture of "The Souls in Purgatory," which were brightly lighted up, were the only things remarkable in this double row of dark ruins. Perico knocked at the door of the illuminated house. It was sometime before any appeared; at last the door partially opened, but fastened as usual by an iron chain.

"Who is there?" said a man's voice.

"Friends who come to pray for the dead and rejoice with the living," replied Perico, with hesitation.

We entered. Lighted by the lantern of the person who fulfilled the functions of porter, we traversed the passage and entered an inner court. The guide showed Perico a ring fastened in the wall. I fastened my horse by the bridle, we ascended some twenty steps, and, preceded by Perico, I entered into a tolerably well-lighted room. I was at last about to learn what is a *velorio*.

A MEXICAN WAKE.

The assembly to which Perico had admitted me presented a strange aspect. About twenty men and women of the poorest class were seated in a circle, talking, shrieking, and gesticulating. A fetid, cadaverous odour, hardly smothered by the smoke of cigars and the fumes of Xeres and *chingurito*,* filled the room. In a corner of the apartment was placed a table loaded with provisions of all sorts, with cups, bottles, and flasks. At a more distant table, the seated gamblers mingled the jingle of copper money with the technical terms of *monje* and quarrelled for piles of *cuartillas* and *tlacos*,† with excitement caused by strong drinks. Under the triple inspiration of wine, women, and gambling, the orgie, which I saw at its commencement, appeared as if it would quickly make formidable progress; but what struck me most, was precisely what seemed scarcely to have attained his seventh year, was lying on a table. His pale brow, covered with flowers faded by the heat of the stifling atmosphere, his glazed eyes, and sunken, livid cheeks, already streaked with shades of violet, indicated that he had left him, and that it was some days, perhaps, since he first slept the eternal sleep. The aspect of this little corpse amid the shrieks, the laughter, the gambling and noisy conversations, amid these men and women who laughed and sang like savages, was heart-breaking. The flowers and jewels that covered him, far from depriving death of its sad solemnity, only made it more hideous. Such was the shelter for which I was indebted to Perico's ingenious solicitude. A general silence followed our entry. A man, in whom I soon recognised the master of the house and the father of the dead child, rose up to receive us. His brow, instead of being overshadowed with sadness, seemed, on the contrary, radiant with delight; and it was with a look of pride that he pointed out to us the numerous guests assembled to celebrate with him the death of his son, an event considered as a favour from Heaven, since it had pleased God to take back the child before it reached the age of reason. He assured us that we were welcome to his house, and that to him, on such a day, strangers became friends. Thanks to Perico's loquacity, all eyes were fixed upon me. I had a character difficult to sustain, Perico

* Sugar-Cane Brandy.

† The *cuartillo* is equal to three halfpence, the *tlaco* to three farthings.

having thought it necessary to affirm to all willing to listen, that it was impossible to kill people with better grace than I had done. In order to fill my part properly, I hastened to put my gloves in my pocket, and affect great assurance, convinced that it was prudent to follow the fashion.

"What do you think of the asylum I have found you?" asked Perico, rubbing his hands. "Is it not better than what I could offer? Moreover, you will now understand the meaning of a *velorio*. It is a resource on idle or dull evenings. Thanks to me, you will thus acquire a title to the eternal gratitude of that worthy father, whose child, having died before the age of seven, is now an angel in heaven."

And Perico, anxious, doubtless, to insure himself a share in this tribute of gratitude, seized, without ceremony, on a large glass of *chingurito*, and emptied it at a draught. I witnessed, for the first time, this barbarous custom, which compels a father to repress his tears, to dissemble his anguish beneath a smiling face, and to do the honours of his house to the first vagabond who, under the auspices of a sereno, comes to gorge himself with meat and wine before the corpse of his son, and share largess which too often condemns the whole family to misery the next day. When once the orgie, for a moment disturbed, had relapsed into its former course, I felt a little calmer, and began to look around me. I then perceived, in the midst of an anxious group of those women who make it a duty never to miss a death-wake, a pallid brow, lips trying to smile, in spite of eyes full of tears; and in this victim of a gross superstition I had no difficulty in detecting the mother, for whom an angel in heaven did not replace the angel she missed on earth. The women who crowded round her seemed vying with one another as to who should most increase the poor woman's affliction by awkward importunities. One recounted the phases of the illness and sufferings of the dead child; another enumerated the infallible remedies she would have tried if she had been consulted in time; such as St. Nicholas' plasters, moxas, the vapour of purslain picked on a Friday in Lent, decoctions of herbs filtered through a bit of a dominican's frock; and the poor credulous mother turned away to wipe her tears, convinced that these remedies would, indeed, have saved her child. Xeres and cigarettes followed rapidly during these consultations; then all the innocent games in vogue in Spanish America were proposed and played at; whilst the children, yielding to fatigue, stretched themselves out to rest in all the corners of the room, as if envying the sleep of him whose discoloured brow protested, beneath the faded flowers, against this odious profanation of death.

Withdrawn into the recess of one of the windows which looked into the street, I followed all Perico's movements with some uneasiness. It seemed to me as if the protection he had so suddenly bestowed on me must conceal some snare. My physiognomy doubtless betrayed my anxiety, for the lepero came up to me, and said, by way of consolation,—

"Senor cavalier, killing a man is like every thing else; the first step is the only painful one. Besides, your sereno will, perhaps, be like my Englishman, who is at this moment better than ever. Those heretics have such tough lives! Ah, senor," said Perico, sighing, "I have always regretted not being a heretic!"

"In order to have a tough life?"

"No, to be paid for my conversion. Unfortunately, my reputation as a good Christian is too well established."

"But the cavalier you were to kill?" I asked Perico, naturally brought back to the remembrance of the melancholy young man I had seen kneeling at the morgue. "Do you think he is still alive?"

Perico shook his head.

"Perhaps to-morrow his mad passion will have cost him his life, and his mistress will not survive him. As for myself, I did not choose to make two victims at once, and I renounced the business."

"These sentiments are highly creditable to you, Perico."

Perico wished to profit by the favourable impression his answer had made upon me.

"Doubtless one does not expose one's soul thus for a few piasters. But, speaking of piasters, senor," he continued, holding out his hand, "I feel in the vein, and, perhaps, your purse is still well filled; in case I should break the bank, you shall go halves with my winnings."

I thought it prudent not to refuse this new offer of the zaragate's. The monte would besides free me for some time from company which was becoming importunate. I, therefore, slipped a few piasters into Perico's hand. At that moment midnight struck. One of the company rose and exclaimed, in a solemn voice,—

"It is the hour of the souls in purgatory: let us pray!"

The gamblers stood up, diversions were suspended, and all present gravely knelt down. The prayer began aloud, interrupted by responses at equal intervals; and, for the first time, the object of the meeting seemed remembered. Let any one imagine those guests, with their eyes glazed by drunkenness, those women almost naked, grouped round a corpse crowned with flowers; and to this add the vapours of a dense atmosphere, in which putrid miasmas were mingled with the exhalations of strong liquors, and they will have an idea of the strange and horrible scene which I was forced to witness.

Prayers over, the games began again, with but less ardour than before. There always is, in nocturnal assemblies, a moment of discomfort in which pleasure struggles with sleep; but this moment passed, joy becomes more noisy, and takes the aspect of a sort of delirium or frenzy. This is the hour of the orgie, and it was now approaching.

I had resumed my post in the window recess, and, in order to escape from the inclination to sleep, as well as from the mephitic air of the room, I had partially opened the window. Looking out into the darkness of the night, I endeavoured to read by the stars what o'clock it was, and tried to trace mentally my way through the labyrinth of streets which I had traversed; but I could hardly perceive above the neighbouring houses a bit of the sky, which on that evening was cloudy. In vain I consulted my memory; nothing in Mexico reminded me of that canal of stagnant water, of those dark lanes which opened on to the two quays. I was completely lost. Should I remain longer amidst this hideous orgie? Should I front the perils attendant on an attempt at evasion through the streets of that distant suburb? Whilst I reflected on these embarrassing propositions, unable to determine, a noise of foot-steps and confused murmurs suddenly attracted my attention. I concealed myself behind one of the inside shutters, so as to see and hear without being seen. Half-a-dozen men soon issued from one of the lanes opening right in front of the house in which I was. The one who walked at the head was wrapped in an *esclavina*,* which only half concealed the sheath of his sword, the others held naked swords in their hands. Judging from their timid deportment, an European newly landed would have taken them for malefactors, but my experience was not to be deceived; the officers of justice alone could seem so frightened; and I

* A small surcoat, or short cloak.

easily distinguished a night-patrol, composed of a *regidor*, an auxiliary *alcade*, and four *celadores*.

"*Voto a brios!*" said the man in the *esclavina*; doubtless one of those magistrates at once *alcades* and publicans, who lodge malefactors during the daytime and pursue them at night. "What is the *senor* prefect thinking of, sending us to patrol in these places into which the officers of justice have never penetrated? I should like to see this business entrusted to him!"

"He would have taken care to bring with him the fire-arms which are refused us," said one of the *corchetes*, who appeared the coolest of any, "for criminals and malefactors are not used to carrying the arms we do; and the person we have been ordered to protect will, perhaps, experience it this night to his cost!"

"When you know you run the risk of being assassinated at night," said the *alcade*, "it is wiser to remain at home."

"There are some wild fellows whom no fear stops," replied one of the *corchetes*; "but, as the Gospel says, he who seeks danger shall perish in it."

"What time can it be now?" continued the auxiliary.

"Four o'clock," answered one of the men; and, lifting his eyes towards the window behind which I was concealed, the same man added, "I envy those people who pass their night so gaily in that *tertulia*."

Talking thus, the *celadores* walked along the parapet of the canal. Suddenly the man at their head stumbles in the darkness. At that moment a man sprang up and stood before the night-watch.

"Who are you?" asked the *alcade*, in a voice which he tried to render imposing.

"What's that to you?" replied the man, no less arrogantly. "Cannot a man sleep in the streets without going through an interrogatory?"

"Men sleep at home as much as possible," stammered the visibly intimidated *alcade*.

The individual thus caught in the act of vagrancy gave a shrill whistle, then, pushing away the *alcade*, he ran off down the nearest lane. To my great surprise the *alcade* and the *celadores*, instead of following him, disappeared in the opposite direction, like men in dread of a snare. Almost at the same moment a hand was laid on my shoulder; I started, and turned round. Perico and the host to whom I had been presented stood before me.

"There is a whistle which is wonderfully like the call of my friend Navaja, when he is busy on some expedition," said the former, leaning towards the window; whilst the latter, with tottering legs, and eyes like those of a man who has too conscientiously fulfilled his duties as master of the house, offered me a glass of some liquor, which his unsteady hand allowed to run over. Then, with the susceptibility peculiar to drunkards, he said,—

"It really seems, *senor*, that you disdain the society of poor people like ourselves. You do not play, and you do not drink; and yet, in certain cases of conscience, gambling and brandy are great resources. Look at me; I have eaten and drunk, to feast my friends, what I possess and what I do not possess. Well, I am content, although I do not possess a *tacono* in the world; and, if you like, I will play with you for my child's body! It is as good a stake as any continued, in a confidential tone; "for I can let him out, and for a other," he good *pricetoo*, to some amateur of *velorio*."

"Play for the body of your child?" I exclaimed.

"And why not? It is done every day. Every body has not the happiness of possessing an angel above, and the dear little one's body brings good luck here."

I got rid, in the best way I could, of so tender a father, and looked once more into the street; but the approaches of the canal were again silent and deserted. I was soon convinced, however, that this tranquillity and solitude were but apparent; some vague sounds escaped, from time to time, from one of the lanes leading to the canal. Presently I fancied I heard the noise of unsteady footsteps on the gravel. With my body leaning over the balcony, and listening intently, I awaited the moment when the fearful silence would be broken by some cry of anguish. The sound of loud voices drew my attention towards the room to which I turned my back. The orgie had now reached its paroxysm. The zaragate, surrounded by a group of gamblers, whose suspicions had been excited by his run of good luck, endeavoured, but in vain, to drape himself proudly in the rags of his olive cloak, which the furious hands of his adversaries were tearing to shreds. Injurious epithets were lavished on him from all sides.

"I am a man of honour," impudently called out the rascal, "as truly as your discourteous hands have torn to rags the handsomest cloak I ever possessed!"

"Shameless robber!" exclaimed a gambler, "your cloak had as many rents as your conscience!"

"In any other place," replied Perico, who was prudently edging towards the door, "you should give me satisfaction for this double insult. *Senor*," he continued, addressing me, "be my security, as I was yours. Half of my winnings is yours; they are honest winnings: all this is but calumny."

I once more cursed my intimacy with Perico, when a more serious event made a happy diversion to the scene in which I saw myself in danger of being an actor. A man rushed hurriedly out of one of the furthest rooms on the same floor. Behind him came a man, knife in hand, quickly followed by a dishevelled woman, shrieking terribly.

"Will you thus allow me to be murdered?" piteously cried the pursued individual. "Will no one give me a knife?"

"Let me murder this thief of honour!" yelled the outraged husband.

The women, doubtless from fellow-feeling, all shrieked at once, and threw themselves between the two adversaries, whilst one of the friends of the offender secretly put a long knife into his hands. The latter turned round and rushed intrepidly towards his rival. The women's shrieks increased; an infernal confusion ensued. The furious enemies made prodigious efforts to pierce the groups agglomerated between them. Blood was about to flow, when, in the struggle, the table on which the dead child was laid, was thrown down. The body fell on the floor with a hollow sound. A large circle instantly formed round the profaned corpse. A piercing cry was heard above the tumult, and the bereaved mother threw herself upon her child's remains in intense agony. I had seen too much. I rushed to the balcony to give a last look at the streets and assure myself that escape was still possible, but on that side also the passage was closed. A man had just issued from one of the lanes which opened on the opposite side of the canal. Other men ran behind him brandishing their weapons. This Navaja, in whom Perico had recognised a friend, had no doubt assembled his troop, and I was about to see him end (without being able to lend any assistance to the victim) one of those nocturnal broils which make the glory of certain leperos. The man they were pursuing soon reached the parapet, and set his back against it. I distinctly heard him exclaim,—

"Back, cowards: who fight five to one!"

"Courage, muchachos!" called out the man who appeared the chief of the band; "there are a thousand piasters to be earned!"

Is it necessary to describe what followed? The unequal struggle lasted but a few minutes; a cry of fierce delight announced to me that the assassins had triumphed. But the unhappy man still breathed; he even dragged himself to the bridge, where, waving the stump of his sword, he still braved the five assailants; but it was a last effort. Again surrounded by the wretches, he again fell beneath their blows. By the pale light of the lamp burning for the souls in purgatory, I saw the five men lift up a bleeding body and throw it into the canal, the surface of which was for a moment disturbed. A second afterwards the assassins had disappeared, and so rapidly, that I asked myself if all this was not a dream; but the reality was so evident, that I could not long indulge in this error. A fresh incident occurred to prove to me that I was wide awake. A man on horseback left the house into which so fatal a chain of events had conducted me, and in that man I recognised Perico; in the horse, the noble animal I had brought with such difficulty from the Hacienda de la Noria.

"Hallo, rasca!" I cried; "this exceeds all bounds! You rob me of my horse!"

"Senor," replied Perico, with imperturbable calmness, "I am carrying away a proof which might criminate you."

Such was the lepero's adieu; and the horse, strongly urged, galloped off. Without waiting to take leave of any one, I hastened in pursuit of the zaragata. It was too late; I heard nothing in the distance but a plaintive neigh and the echo of galloping, which was soon lost in the distance. I ran at hazard into one of the dark lanes leading to the canal. I wandered long in that labyrinth before finding myself in a quarter I knew, and day dawned as I began to discover my road. Night had brought its counsel, and I resolved to make a formal declaration of the misfortune I had caused on the preceding day. I resolutely walked towards the *juzgado de letras*.^{*} When I entered, the judge was not arrived, and I waited in the hall. Fatigue and sleepiness soon overpowered my anxieties of every kind: I fell asleep on my bench. Confused dreams retraced the curious scenes I had witnessed: I fancied I heard a noise near me, and then a sudden silence. I opened my eyes, and thought I was still a prey to the nightmare, which had oppressed me. A bier, covered with a bloody sheet, was close by my feet. A thought passed through my mind like lightning. I imagined that I had been recognised, and that, by a refinement of barbarous justice, I was to be confronted with him whose death I had caused. I retired to the end of the hall; the sight of the bloody sheet was insupportable to me. Little by little, however, I became reassured, and, arming myself with courage, I went to raise a corner of the shroud. I had no difficulty in recognising the victim. His pale, handsome countenance, and brow marked with a long, narrow scar, had left too deep an impression in my memory. The plants and green slime which soiled his face reminded me of the theatre of the crime. It was the man I had seen die so valiantly. I let the shroud fall upon that noble head.

A short episode will conclude this narrative. A fortnight had elapsed, and nothing remained of my nocturnal adventures but an invincible horror of the whole class of leperos, when I received an order to appear before a strange alcade. A man of about forty, as much a stranger to me as the alcade, awaited me at the bar.

"Senor," said this man, "I am the *farolero* whom your honor more than half killed; and, as that accident entailed a fortnight's loss of work, you will not think it amiss if I ask for some indemnity!"

"Certainly not," said I, glad to know that I had not to reproach myself with the death of any one. "How much do you ask?"

"Five hundred piasters, senor!"

I confess that this exorbitant demand immediately changed my pleasure into anger; and I could not forbear *in petto* wishing the lamplighter at the devil. But I was soon ashamed of these feelings; and the alcade, counselling me to come to an agreement, I was too happy to be off for a fifth of the sum demanded by the *farolero*. After all, if my studies of leperos had been expensive, the experience I gained had its value, and I had nothing to regret, not even the piasters which had been extorted from me by my too ingenious friend Perico.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

OBJECTS TO BE GAINED THROUGH THE ARTIFICIAL INDUCTION OF TRANCE
[CONCLUDED.]

It has been mentioned that, in ordinary trance, the relations of consciousness to the nervous system are altered; that the laws of sensation and perception are suspended, or temporarily changed; that the mind appears to gain new powers. For a long time we had to trust to the chance turning up of cases of spontaneous trance, in the experience of physicians of observation, for any light we could hope would be thrown on those extraordinary phenomena. Now we possess around us, on every side, adequate opportunities for completely elucidating those events, if we please to employ them. The philosopher, when his speculations suggest a new question to be put, can summon the attendance of a trance, as easily as the Jupiter of the *Iliad* summoned a dream. Or, looking out for two or three cases to which the induction of trance may be beneficial, the physician may have in his house subjects for perpetual reference and daily experiment.

A gentleman, with whom I have long been well acquainted, for many years Chairman of the Quarter Sessions in a northern county, of which the last year he was high sheriff, has, like M. de Puységur, amused some of his leisure hours, and benevolently done not a little good, by taking the trouble of mesmerising invalids, whom he has thus restored to health. In constant correspondence with, and occasionally having the pleasure of seeing this gentleman, I have learned from him the common course in which the new powers of the mind which belong to trance are developed under its artificial induction. The sketch which I propose to give on this subject, will be taken from his descriptions, which I should observe, tally in all essential points with what I met with in French and German authors. The little that I myself have seen of the matter, I will mention preliminarily; the most astounding things it appears to me safer to shelter under the authority of Petetin, who towards the close of the last century, "in ignorance of mesmerism," described these phenomena, "as they came before him spontaneously in catalepsy."

The method of inducing trance that is found to be most successful, is to sit immediately fronting, and close to the patient, holding his hands or thumbs, or pointing the extended hands towards his forehead, and slowly moving them, in passes down his face, shoulders and arms. It is now clear that the force brought into operation, on this occasion, is the old force of Von Reichenbach. So the

^{*} Audience-room. The *juz de letras* is the judge.

patients sometimes speak of seeing the luminous aura proceeding from the finger points of the operator, which Von Reichenbach's performers described. There are many who are utterly insensible to this agency. Others are sensible of it in slight, and in various ways. A small proportion, three in ten, perhaps, are susceptible to the extent of being thrown into a trance.

In some a common fit of hysterics is produced. In others, slight headache, and a sense of weight on the eyebrows, and difficulty of raising the eyelids supervene.

In one young woman whom I saw mesmerised for the first time by Dupotel, nothing resulted but a sense of pricking and tingling wherever he pointed with his hand; and her arm on one or two occasions, jumped in the most natural and conclusive manner, when, her eyes being covered, he directed his outstretched finger to it.

A gentleman, about thirty years of age, when the mesmerizer held his outstretched hands pointed to his head, experienced no disposition to sleep; but in two or three minutes, he began to shake his head and twist his features about; at last his head was jerked from side to side, and forwards and backwards, with a violence that looked alarming. But he said, when it was over, that the motion had not been unpleasant; that he had moved it sort of voluntarily; although he could not refrain from it. If the hands of the operator were pointed to his arm instead of his head, the same violent jerks came in it, and gradually extended to the whole body. I asked him to try to resist the influence, by holding his arm out, in strong, muscular tension. This had the effect of retarding the attack of the jerks; but when it came on, it was more violent than usual.

A servant of mine, aged about twenty-five, was mesmerised by Lafontaine, for a full half hour, and no effect appearing to be produced, I told him he might rise from the chair and leave us. On getting up, he looked uneasy, and said his arms were numb. They were perfectly paralysed, from the elbows downwards, and numb to the shoulders. This was the more satisfactory, that neither the man himself nor Lafontaine, nor the four or five spectators expected this result. The operator triumphantly drew a pin, and stuck it into the man's hand which bled but had no feeling. Then heedlessly, to show it gave pain, Lafontaine stuck the pin into the man's thigh, whose flashing eye and half suppressed growl, denoted that the aggression would certainly have been returned by another, had the arm which should have done it not been really powerless. However, M. Lafontaine made peace with the man, by restoring him the use and feeling of his arms. This was done by dusting them, as it were, by quick, transverse motions of his extended hands. In five minutes nothing remained of the palsy, but a slight stiffness, which gradually wore off in the course of the evening.

Genuine and ordinary trance, I have seen produced by the same manipulations in from three minutes to half an hour. The patient's eyelids have dropped, he has appeared on the point of sleeping, but he has not sunk back upon his chair; then he has continued to sit upright, and seemingly perfectly insensible to the loudest sound or the acutest and most startling impressions on the sense of touch. The pulse is commonly a little increased in frequency; the breathing is sometimes heavier than usual.

Occasionally as in Victor's case, the patient quickly and spontaneously emerges from the state of trance-sleep into trance-half-waking; a rapidity of development which I am persuaded occurs much more frequently among the French than with the English or Germans. English patients especially, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings to have the same powers drawn out. And these are by far the most interesting cases. I will describe from Mr. Williamson's account, the course he has usually followed in developing his patient's powers, and the order in which they have manifested themselves.

On the first day, perhaps, nothing can be elicited. But after some minutes the stupor seems as it were less embarrassing to the patient, who appears less heavily slumbrous, and breathes lighter again; or, it may be the reverse, particularly if the patient is epileptic; after a little the breathing may be deeper, the state one of less composure. Pointing with the hands to the pit of the stomach, laying the hands upon the shoulders, and slowly moving them on the arms down to the hands, the whole with the utmost quietude and composure on the part of the operator, will dispel the oppression.

And the interest of the first sitting is confined to the progress of awakening the patient, which is one of the most marvellous phenomena of the whole. The operator lays his two thumbs on the space between the eyebrows, and, as it were vigorously smooths or irons his eyebrows, rubbing them from within, outwards seven or eight times. Upon this, the patient probably raises his head and his eyebrows, and draws a deeper breath as if he would yawn; he is half-awake, and blowing upon the eyelids, or the repetition of the previous operation, or dusting the forehead by smart transverse wavings of the hand, or blowing upon it, causes the patient's countenance to become animated; the eyelids open, he looks about him, recognises you, and begins to speak. If any feeling of heaviness remains, any weight or pain of the forehead, another repetition of the same manipulations sets all right. And yet this patient would not have been awakened, if a gun had been fired at his ear, or his arm had been cut off.

At the next sitting, or the next to that, the living statue begins to wake in its tranced life. The operator holds one hand over the opposite hand of his patient, and makes as if he would draw the patient's hand upwards, raising his own with short successive jerks, yet not too abrupt. Then the patient's hand begins to follow his; and often having ascended some inches, stops in the air cataleptic. This fixed state is always relieved by transverse brushings with the hand, or by breathing in addition, on the rigid limb. And it is most curious to see the whole bodily frame, over which spasmodic rigidity may have crept, thus thawed joint by joint. Then the first effect shown commonly is this motion, the patient's hand following the operator's. At the same sitting, he begins to hear, and there is intelligence in his countenance, when the operator pronounces his name: perhaps his lips move, and he begins to answer pertinently as in ordinary sleep-walking. But he hears the operator alone best, and him even in a whisper. Your voice, if you shout, he does not hear: unless you take the operator's hand, and then he hears you too. In general, however, now the proximity of others seems in some way to be sensible to him; and he appears uneasy when they crowd close upon him. It seems that the force of the relation between the operator and the patient naturally goes on increasing, as the powers of the sleep-walker are developed; but that this is not necessarily the case, and depends upon its being encouraged by much commerce between them, and the exclusion of others from joining in this trance-communion.

And now the patient—beginning to wake in trance, hearing and answering the questions of the operator, moving each limb, or rising even, as the operator's hand is raised to draw him into obedient following—enters into a new relation with his Mesmeriser. He "adopts sympathetically every voluntary move-

ment of the other." When the latter rises from his chair, he rises; when he sits down, he sits down; if he bows, he bows; if he make a grimace, he makes the same. Yet his eyes are closed. He certainly does not see. His mind has interpenetrated to a small extent the nervous system of the operator; and is in relation with his voluntary nerves and the anterior half of his cranio-spinal chord. (These are the organs by which the impulse to voluntary motion is conveyed and originated.) Farther into the other's being, he has not yet got. So he does not "what the other thinks of, or wishes him to do," but only what the other either does, or goes through the mental part of doing. So Victor sang the air, which M. de Puysegur only mentally hummed.

The next strange phenomenon marks that the mind of the entranced patient has interpenetrated the nervous system of the other "a step farther," and is in relation besides with the posterior half of the cranio-spinal chord of its nerves. For now the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, "feels, tastes, and smells every thing that is made to tell on the senses of the operator." If mustard or sugar be put in his own mouth, he seems not to know that they are there; if mustard is placed on the tongue of the operator, the entranced person expresses great disgust, and tries as if to spit it out. The same with bodily pain. If you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give him.

To state in the closest way what has happened—the phenomena of sympathetic motion and sympathetic sensation, thus displayed, are exactly such as might be expected to follow, if the mind or conscious principle of the entranced person were brought into relation with the cranio-spinal chord of the operator and its nerves, and with no further portion of his nervous system. Later, it will be seen the interpenetration can extend farther.

But before this happens, a new phenomenon manifests itself, not of a sympathetic character. The operator contrives to wake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new faculties. "He develops in him new organs of sensation, or rather helps to hasten his recognition of their possession."

It is to be observed, however, that many and many who can be thrown into trance will not progress so far as to the present step. Others make a tantalising half advance towards reaching it thus; and then stop. They are asked, "Do you see anything?" After some days at length, they answer "Yes"—"What?" "A light." "Where is the light?" Then they intimate its place to be either before them, or at the crown of the head, or behind one ear, or quite behind the head. And they describe the colour of the light, which is commonly yellow. And each day it occupies the same direction, and is seen equally when the room is light or dark. Their eyes in the mean time are closed. And here, with many, the phenomenon stops.

But, with others, it goes thus strangely farther. In this light they begin to discern objects, or they see whatever is presented to them in the direction in which the light lies, whether before the forehead at the crown of the head, or wherever it may be. Sometimes the range of this new sense is very limited, and the object to be seen must be held near to the new organ. Sometimes it must touch it; generally, however, the sense commands what the eye would, if it were placed there.

One tries first to escape the improbability of an extempore organ of sense being thus established, by supposing that the mind of the entranced person has only penetrated a little deeper than before into yours, and perceives what you see. But I had the following experiment made, which excludes this solution of the phenomenon. The party standing behind the entranced person, whose use it was to see with the back of her head, held behind him a pack of cards, and then, drawing one of them, presented it, without seeing it himself, to her new organ of vision. She named the card justly each time the experiment was repeated.

The degree of light suiting this new vision varies in different cases: sometimes bright daylight is best; generally they prefer a moderate light. Some distinguish objects and colours in a light so obscure that the standers-by cannot distinguish the same with their eyes.

The above phenomena have been, over and over again, verified by the gentleman whom I before referred to, Mr. J. W. Williamson of Whickham; and not only have I received the accounts of them from himself, but from two other gentlemen, who repeatedly witnessed their manifestation in patients at Mr. Williamson's residence.

A parallel transposition of the sense of hearing I will exemplify from the details of a case of catalepsy, or spontaneous trance, as they are given by the observer, Dr. Petetin, an eminent civil and military physician of Lyons, where he was president of the Medical Society. The work in which they are given is entitled, "Memoire sur la Catalepsie. 1787."

M. Petetin attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious; when he raised her arm, it remained in the air where he placed it. Being put to bed, she commenced singing. To stop her, the doctor placed her limbs each in a different position. This embarrassed her considerably, but she went on singing. She seemed perfectly insensible. Pinching the skin, shouting in her ear, nothing aroused her attention. Then it happened that, in arranging her, the doctor's foot slipped; and, as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, "how provoking we can't make her leave off singing!" "Ah, doctor," she cried, "don't be angry! I won't sing any more," and she stopped. But shortly she began again; and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties, addressed to her ear, to keep her promise and desist. It then occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before. He raised the bed-clothes, bent his head towards her stomach, and said, in a loud voice, "Do you, then, mean to sing for ever?" "Oh, what pain you have given me!" she exclaimed—"I implore you speak lower;" at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. "In what way, then, do you hear?" said Dr. Petetin. "Like any one else," was the answer. "But I am speaking to your stomach." "Is it possible!" she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears, speaking even through a tube to aggravate his voice;—she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him,—"No," said she, "I am indeed unfortunate."

A cognate phenomenon to the above is "the conversion of the patient's new sense of vision in a direction inwards." He looks into himself, and sees his own inside as it were illuminated or transfigured.

A few days after the scene just described, Dr. Petetin's patient had another attack of catalepsy. She still heard at the pit of her stomach, but the manner of hearing was modified. In the mean time her countenance expressed astonishment. Dr. Petetin inquired the cause. "It is not difficult," she answered, "to explain to you why I look astonished. I am singing, doctor, to divert my attention from a sight which appals me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a net-work of light. My countenance must express what I feel,—astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my

complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him. If he was devoted to his profession, he would not, as I do, desire to be quickly well." "Do you see your heart?" asked Dr. Petetin. "Yes, there it is; it beats at twice; the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts, the lower part swells, and immediately after that contracts. The blood rushes out all luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but little apart."

There are many cases like the above on record, perfectly attested. There is no escaping from the facts. We have no resource but to believe them. Things if possible still more marvellous remain behind. The more advanced patient penetrates the sensoria of those around her, and knows their thoughts and all the folds of their characters. She is able, farther, to perceive objects, directly, at considerable—indefinite distances. She can foresee coming events in her own health. Finally, she can feel and discern, by a kind of intuition, what is the matter with another person either brought into her presence, or who is, in certain other ways, identified by her. As the evidence of the possession of these faculties by entranced persons is complete, and admits of no question, an important use, I repeat, of the artificial induction of trance is, that it will multiply occasions of sifting this extraordinary field of psychological inquiry.

In the mean time I will not trespass upon your patience farther, nor weary you with farther instances, beyond giving the sequel of the case of catalepsy of which I have above mentioned some particulars. You see in it a shadowing out of the most of the other powers, which I have said are occasionally manifested by persons in trance, which sometimes attain an extraordinary vigour and compass, and which are maintained, or are attainable, for several years, being manifested for that time, though not without caprice and occasional entire failures, on the patient reverting to the entranced condition. One of the most interesting features in what follows is, that it is evident M. Petetin was entirely unacquainted with Mesmerism; and, at the same time, that he had all but discovered and developed the art of Mesmeric manipulation himself.

The following morning, (to give the latter part of the case of catalepsy,) the access of the fit took place, according to custom, at eight o'clock in the morning. Petetin arrived later than usual; he announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient, (by which he was heard.) "You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor," said she. "It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me." "Ah," said she, "I perceive, you have had a headache for the last four hours; it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing; no human means can prevent its running its course." "Can you tell me on which side is the pain?" said Petetin. "On the right side; it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth; I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock: at six you will be free from pain." The prediction came out literally true. "If you wish me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand!" "I see through your hand an antique medal."

Petetin inquired of his patient at what hour her own fit would cease: "At eleven." "And the evening accession, when will it come on?" "At seven o'clock." "In that case it will be later than usual." "It is true; the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so." During this conversation, the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin, "My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband, behind the screen; his visit will fatigue me, beg him to go away." The uncle, leaving, took with him by mistake her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim it.

In the evening, there were assembled, in the lady's apartment, a good number of her relations and friends. Petetin had, intentionally, placed a letter within his waistcoat, on his heart. He begged permission, on arriving, to wear his cloak. Scarcely had the lady, the access having come on, fallen into catalepsy, when she said, "And how long, doctor, has it come into fashion to wear letters next the heart?" Petetin pretended to deny the fact; she insisted on her correctness; and, raising her hands, designated the size, and indicated exactly the place of the letter. Petetin drew forth the letter, and held it, closed, to the fingers of the patient. "If I were not a discreet person," she said, "I should tell the contents; but to show you that I know them, they form exactly two lines and a half of writing;" which, on opening the letter, was shown to be the fact.

A friend of the family, who was present, took out his purse and put it in Dr. Petetin's bosom, and folded his cloak over his chest. As soon as Petetin approached his patient, she told him that he had the purse, and named its exact contents. She then gave an inventory of the contents of the pockets of all present; adding some pointed remark when the opportunity offered. She said to her sister-in-law that the most interesting thing in her possession was a letter;—much to her surprise, for she had received the letter the same evening, and had mentioned it to no one.

The patient, in the mean time, lost strength daily, and could take no food. The means employed failed of giving her relief, and it never occurred to M. Petetin to inquire of her how he should treat her. At length, with some vague idea that she had suffered from too great electric tension of the brain, he tried, fantastically enough, the effect of making deep inspirations, standing close in front of the patient. No effect followed from this absurd proceeding. "Then he placed one hand on the forehead, the other on the pit of the stomach of the patient," and continued his inspirations. The patient now opened her eyes; her features lost their fixed look; she rallied rapidly from the fit, which lasted but a few minutes instead of the usual period of two hours or more. In eight days, under a pursuance of this treatment, she entirely recovered from her fits, and with them ceased her extraordinary powers. But, during these eight days, her powers manifested a still greater extension; she foretold what was going to happen to her; she discussed, with astonishing subtlety, questions of mental philosophy and physiology; she caught what those around her meant to say, before they expressed their wishes, and either did what they desired, or begged that they would not ask her to do what was beyond her strength.

In conclusion, let me animadvert upon the injustice with which, to its own loss, society has treated Mesmerism. The use of Mesmerism in nervous disorders, its use towards preventing suffering in surgical operations, have been denied and scoffed at in the teeth of positive evidence. The supposition of physical influence existing that can emanate from one human being and affect the nerves of another, was steadily combated as a gratuitous fiction, till Von Reichenbach's discoveries demonstrated its soundness. And, finally, the marvels of "Clairvoyance" were considered an absolute proof of the visionary character of animal magnetism, because the world was ignorant that they occur independently of that influence, which only happens to be one of the modes of inducing the condition of trance in which they spontaneously manifest themselves. Adieu, dear Archy. Yours, &c.

MAC DAVUS.

THE SUBURBAN RETREAT.

BY CHARLES WHITHEHEAD.

It is truly lamentable when the over-persuasion of others or his own weakness or frailty of character leads a man into a false position, out of which it costs him time, trouble, and expense to extricate himself. Let me elucidate.

"Then you think so, Anne, you really think so?"

"I do, Rushworth, I do."

"That if we remain here, we shall catch the typhus or some other epidemic fever; be stifled for want of air, or poisoned with noxious gases?"

"I only tell you what was told me," returned my wife, "but you do go on so Mrs. Braiser says Dr. Southwood Smith says, and Dr. Arnott says, and all the faculty say, there can't be a worse thing for health than living in a confined situation."

"Well but," said I, "we've been living here these twenty years."

"And time enough in all conscience," observed my wife.

"And never caught typhus, never stifled, never poisoned."

"A wilful man will have his way," remarked my helpmate. "You're looking very ill, Rushworth, indeed you are. It's on your account I speak. For my part, if that were all, I could live all my life happy enough here. Any place contents me."

I did not care to mention that it was *not* at my instance we went to Dover in the summer, and that I *did* hear a few words drop every day during the fortnight, purporting that we should have enjoyed ourselves much better at Brighton. Accordingly, I merely coughed and scratched my ear, saying, after a long pause, "Well, I'll think it over. Nay, no nonsense; I will think of it, upon my honor."

"That's a very good man, now," said my wife with an alertness indicating the tender interest she takes in me,—"and now I'll leave you to your labours. But be sure you throw up the window every ten minutes. There's nothing like a constant accession of fresh air, I'm told, even the air we get here is, I suppose, better than none."

I waved my hand, and my wife left me, having, as she well knew, almost gained her point, which as the reader will have inferred from the portion of the conversation I have given, that we should leave our present lodging, and take up our abode in some more salubrious locality. Left alone in my small study, I could not but acknowledge to myself that there was a great deal of reason in what my wife had said. Nor was I altogether unprepared for some such overture on her part. One day having occasion to look for something in my sitting-room, I discovered Mrs. Braiser in close conversation with Mrs. Rushworth. My well-known absence of mind during the hours devoted to my laborious investigation precluded the necessity of discontinuing the gossip, but at that moment, I was not particularly mentally engaged, and could, therefore, hear Mrs. Braiser say in a low voice: "Six rooms, and a lean-to kitchen. A copper in it? Bless you, yes. All the washing can be done at home. I should call a long garden. The healthiest place! within half an hour's walk to the Bank. Omnibusses passing every minute at less than a stone's throw." On a subsequent occasion, hearing Mrs. Braiser's muffled voice through the wainscot, and having some vague presentiment that that lady had been paneously fitting up the house for me, I pretended to be absent, and abruptly introduced myself as before with a painful studiousness of countenance.

"Here he is himself," said my wife, as with a slight bow I walked to the book case. "Well, what do *you* think? Don't he look ill?"

"He does indeed, poor fellow," returned Mrs. Braiser, in a drawlingly sympathetic tone; and although I am not aware that I had mesmerised my elbow, and can take my oath I was staring at Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" at the time, I could see that she was looking over her right shoulder, and taking hygeian measure of me. "He does indeed. Bless me! Indeed he does. Do you know?" and here a whispering communication commenced, during which I contrived to catch a glimpse of the alarmed countenance of my wife. "I'm sure of it," at length said the visitor in an audible voice, with a bent brow and a decisive nod of the head, lifting her muff out of her lap and bringing it to her bosom. "But not a word to him. Sometimes they go on for months, and then go out like the snuff of a candle. Nothing like taking it in time. Air's the thing."

I cannot but confess that this dismal and shadowy prognostication somewhat deranged my nervous system. I was about to enter my forty-seventh year, was, and still am, tall and pale, with a narrow chest,—one of these men, in short, of whom consumption is commonly predicted, but who, I now suspect, turn out to be some such spare old fellows and we sometimes see, the "oldest inhabitants" of their respective districts. But I had lately been applying myself with unusual closeness to my great work, a history of the Pyramids of Egypt, which had engaged me for years, but which I was bringing to a conclusion; and this extra exertion had, perhaps, a little diminished my nervous energy. Going out like the snuff of a candle! Preposterous! A foolish chattering woman! Why, I never felt better in my life—considering. But presently I could not help calling to mind known instances of men who have been altogether unaware of a decay of nature in a quarter where it was of the utmost importance they should have had accurate information, that is, to say, in their own persons—gentlemen who, have declaimed and decreased, been waggish and waned, laughed and grown thin; who have stood at a glass of a morning to shave themselves, and never seen that their faces were as sharp as the razor, and who have pleasantly referred their hose, "a mile too wide for their shrunken shanks," to the big arms of the washerwoman. I must not be, if I could help it, one of those candle-snuff gentry. It would never do to be cut off in my prime, ere the Pyramids were completed—a work which I had undertaken on the heroic principle of giving something to my country, but which I was now not a little anxious that my countrymen should buy. That air possesses an uncommon amount of nutriment, chamelions sufficiently attest. That Dr. Southwood Smith and Arnott were professional gentlemen who understood the matter thoroughly, who could doubt? I consented that the suburban retreat should be taken in my name.

My wife is a woman of singular energy of character and decision of purpose. She saw everything. Warning to quit our apartments was at once given; the rent of the house was agreed to, and it was to be entered upon in a few days. It more than answered my wife's expectations. She reported that the rooms certainly not large, but they were so snug; that the kitchen was perfect culinary love, and that the house was so openly situated, back and front, that if we didn't get air enough there, we should be suffocated in a windmill. She spoke of the number of closets with great applause, and particularly lauded a cupboard under the stairs, the use or convenience of which I did inquire, and never ascertained. A few pounds laid out upon it would make it one of the neatest places! So far so well.

But now commenced a slight encroachment upon my old accustomed system of privacy, and uninterrupted devotion to my studies. When I was deep in Mons. Denon's elaborate work, or sauntering in thought along the valley of the Nile, or actively engaged, as the song says, "down among the dead men" in a mummy-pit, rummaging after some embalmed and forgotten Pharaoh, my wife would enter suddenly, followed by a man with a paper-cap, and inquire whether I liked stone-colour for the wainscot, or, flinging down before me great rolls of paper, demand whether I preferred the running-spring to the abbey-ruins pattern.

But these were trivial annoyances, I found, when the moving scene began.—I had never before undergone a "moving." My wife had had the furnishing of our apartments before marriage, and I had been first introduced to them after our return from Box Hill, where we had spent a third of the honeymoon. The fiat of removal gone forth and the van ordered for Wednesday, thenceforth literary labour was not to be thought of; nay, a momentary speculation upon the common and current affairs of life was out of the question. All was sudden physical insecurity and instantaneous mental transition. Not an article of the more fragile description, but ere it was packed securely away, invited or suggested some comment. This thing was now for the first time discovered to be chipped, and that Jane (we had had half-a-dozen Janes) was assuredly the culprit. "That Jane—aye, you *must* remember her, who used to eat us out of house and home." Then another thing was missing, and Betsy must have had it.

"Betsy! which Betsy?"

"Well, how stupid you are, to be sure! the girl who married from us; and when she afterwards came to see us and you inquired what her husband was, she said 'a asker.'"

"What! the girl that married the fellow who stood at the receipt of custom with a broom at the street-crossing?"

"To be sure."

Thus were all the servants we had ever hired, with twenty mortal gashes on their moral heads, passed in review before me, until my brain bent again under the pressure of trivial fond records and absurd reminiscences. Next came the more active and strenuous part of the business. There was I, utterly incapable of rendering efficient aid, stalking about amid the domestic desolation; tin-tacks hopping into my face as they clawed up the carpets; thrust unceremoniously out of the way by a big fellow of monstrous physique with a table on his head; or chased from an inner room by our little maid Sarah with the spiky end of a bed-post. There was my wife grappling with pictures, and taking down hangings, and tumbling off chairs, and calling upon me to pick her up, and telling me I was not of the least use, and going at it again with renewed vigour.

Never shall I forget the feeling that came upon me when everything was cleared out, and I paced alone over the ribbed dust on the floor of the empty sitting-room. What an ungrateful rascal I had approved myself. Why not have rested contented here! It was an ample, cheerful, bustling street, full of life and gaiety from seven in the evening till midnight. Neither was the bed-room so close as my wife had pronounced it, and as I, like a fool, had been persuaded to believe it. There was a good, honest, brick-and-mortar look-out from the window. Never more should I behold the gentleman whom I had seen every morning for twenty years putting on his cravat at that window yonder, whose name I never knew, and whom I had never met in the street.—But at this moment, old Mrs. Dredge, the charwoman, entered to clean the rooms and to tell me my wife was waiting for me below. The old woman's wan countenance smote me. A man cannot see a poor drudging thing every Saturday morning for years, and receive the courtesy of her humble salutation without feeling a sort of friendship for her. I seized her shrivelled hand, and shook it, and left something within it, and hastened down stairs. My wife was already in the street, as I saw through the window of the parlour, when I entered it to take leave of the kind and good woman of the house. I took a glass of wine with her which went the wrong way, and heard from her wishes for my happiness which I felt I did not deserve, and which, at the moment, I almost wished might not be realized. Suddenly, while Mrs. Truman and I were arranging a frequent reciprocity of visits, my wife's feather, which had been stationary just above the Venetian blind, vanished as though it and its wearer had been wafted thence by a hurricane. Bidding an abrupt good-bye to my late landlady, I hurried into the street, and there at a distance, I saw my wife—to use the words of our sublimest poet,—

"As when a gryphon through the wilderness
Pursues an Arimasian,"

hot in chase of the cat, which by some means or the other had escaped from the perforated bandbox that had been fitted for its safe conduct to our suburban retreat. My fears instantly provided (but I was afraid to ascertain the fact) every pane of window in the street with a face on the broad grin; for if there is any one thing more than another that deranges my nervous system, it is public demonstrations, or the indulgence of impulses on the highway, on the part of those I love or esteem. I hastened after her. She was now couching before the railing of an area, calling upon "Belzoni," (a name I had given the fugitive) in every variety of seductive cadence, from that of a promising or remunerating character, to the lowest mendicant tone of earnest entreaty.

"For heaven's sake, Anne, come away. Don't call the brute 'Belzoni.' We shall have the little boys upon us. Let him down the area to pray at fortune."

"I will have my cat," said she. "Don't be rubbing your hands and grinning in that way, but go along and wait for me in the square."

I was too glad to do so. Presently she joined me with a beaming face, and told me how she had recovered the cat; how she had borrowed a hamper of Mrs. Truman, and how she had placed the cat in the hamper under the strict surveillance of the carman.

"I tell you what," said I, "this case of moving, as far as it has gone, with its felime episode, has so upset me, that I don't care to see any more of it than I can possibly help. I'll drop in to dinner with Simpson, and come home by nine, when you will have got to rights."

"I think you might as well, indeed," returned my wife. "I never saw such a man. You do nothing but get in one's way, and hinder everything."

I had taken one or two glasses of brandy and water with my friend Simpson, so that when I reached the suburban retreat I was very much disposed to invest everything with a rose-colour. I raised the knocker, which was so light that I thought I never should have left off applying for admittance, and was let in by little Sarah, smiling through the blackest face I ever saw, unless over that nature herself had sabled.

"Come in here, Rushworth," cried my wife, "we're in the back room." The door of the room was ajar, and I had thrown it back with the proud sense of a

man entering for the first time his own mansion. when it recoiled and felt me such a slap on the forehead that my black follower's ear was startled by the sound of the concussion.

"Good God! Mr. Rushworth, what's the matter? Oh! it's the end of the sofa. It's too long for that side of the room. We must change it. You see us all at sixes and sevens still. There's no end to do before we shall get things straight. Isn't it a nice room?"

"It's a Pigmæan place, Anne, with Patagonian furniture. We shall look like cats in a band-box here."

"You're to have the front-room for your study," returned my wife "so you needn't complain. Shew it him, Sarah. Such destruction of things! Rushworth, something's poked through the left eye of your portrait."

"Well, a reference to the sound one'll shew what the other one was," said I, and my wife being busy on the ground joining the carpet, Sarah led me over the rooms, staring upwards at me for repeated encomium. To say the truth, it was out of my power to bestow any conscientious praise upon them; but I did not like to express my real feelings too soon, and accordingly, when we returned, I said it was "a very comfortable place—quite the thing—a little paradise," &c.

"Ah! but he has not seen the kitchen yet, Sarah," said my wife; "come, I'll go with you to see the kitchen."

Sarah led the way with alacrity, for the kitchen was emphatically her portion of the establishment. She had barely opened the door when she sprang back, with a screwed up nose, and would have dashed through us.

"O my gracious! the black beads!"

"The black beads!" echoed my wife, involuntarily copying the other's pronunciation, and lifting her clothes above her ankles, "what's to be done with them, Mr. Rushworth?"

"Why, Sarah must lace their jackets and make regular parochials of them. But where are they, girl, I don't see them."

"Oh, sir! they've run off. The floor was quite black with 'em. They made a noise when they ran away, like the crumpling of paper, like."

"I'll give 'em some red wafers," observed my wife, after deliberation, "that'll soon put an end to 'em."

"Their doom is sealed," said I.

But though I spoke lightly, it was no joke within. Hang the place! I began already to hate it with all my strength; and having partaken of some supper spread on the end of a trunk, I ascended to my bed-room, on the wall of which there was a great stain of damp, like a map of Lincolnshire, and got into a bed on the ground, and dreamed Dr. Southwood Smith, Dr. Arnott, and I, had gone up in a balloon and were breaking our necks and tumbling out of it. So much for seeking fresh air in strange places.

My wife and the girl having gone to bed thoroughly tired out, and having plenty to do when they got up, I constituted myself answerer of the door in general. The baker succeeded the milkwoman; but I had not long to wait for a customer. Opening the door to an imperative single knock, a fellow would have made me look like my portrait, by poking my eye with a long pole, shouting in an execrable manner, "Any clothes line to day, clothes peg, clothes prop?" I had scarcely got rid of this trader in timber when a perambulating lapidary invited my attention to hearth-stones, and soon after, a woman wanted me to look up some old garments, and barter with her for a monthly rose, two jonquils, and a larkspur! These casualties did not improve my natural amiability, and it was with pleasant expression of countenance that I got up to answer even a double rap, which I made sure proceeded from my friend Simpson, who had promised an early call. It was a stranger, but he soon gave me to understand he was the collector come for certain taxes.

"Why, my dear sir," said I peevishly, "we're taxed enough in this country, and often enough; but, hang it, we're not taxed quite so soon. I have n't been in the place four-and-twenty hours."

"You're the incoming tenant, ain't you?" said he.

"I am."

"We always look to the incoming tenant for arrears. Take this paper. I shall only call once more. You must settle it with your landlord. The other tenant ran away."

"And no bad judge he," thought I, as the collector bade me a stern good day. "But what a scoundrel is this landlord to suffer me to be come down upon for taxes!"

And now,

"Such tricks hath strong imagination."

I erected a mental platform on which the landlord and I had a deadly set-to, I having altogether the best of it.

The house was put in order in due time, and rendered as comfortable as it was possible for taste and neatness to make such a hole; but there was no bearing it—there was no hearing all about it and around it, into the bargain. What a wretched mistake, or a base calumny it is to call London a noisy place, if by that term be meant anything in its disparagement. There is a vast quantity of sound continually going forward, I admit; but it is a fine blended harmonious clamour and clatter, if I may so express myself; a sort of homogeneous hubbub which forms an admirable substitute for silence. But your vile suburbs can offer nothing but the deadness of the grave, or the rude raw bellowings of a cattle-market, or a raree-show, except at nine o'clock at night, when that fearful agent the pot-boy goes his round. You may talk of the shriek of the bitter, the "wolf's long howl," the drone of a bag-pipe, or the hooting of an owl; but no utterance in nature is so terribly mournful as the cry of the suburban pot-boy. We soon began to lose our spirits, and our flesh followed them "in due course," as they say in commercial circles. Work was out of the question. The Pyramids stood still. It was well for me I was in receipt of an annuity. After the first month my face quite lost its wonted expression, so that my friends looked upon me with fear and concern. This was caused by the practice I had got into, and in which I took a morbid delight, of standing at the window and making deterring or menacing grimaces at fellows with mops and brooms, very tall ladies with tracts, women with crockery, pseudo rustics with bottles of dirty water which they sell for ketchup, or adventurous salesmen of number-works—"Grimgills the reckless, or the blasted Smithy," and what not. As for my wife, she tried to look cheerily, and to bear up with good heart and hope, but it was a base counterfeit. To such an extremity was she reduced that she began to lose her sense of dignity and self-respect, for I often saw her perched on a pair of steps, talking over the garden wall to the neighbour on the left, who, with a drunken husband and a large noisy disputative family was going to the dogs, and talked of setting up a mangle! The blighting genius of the place even descended upon poor little Sarah, who had plenty to speak to, and led a gay life of it in London. She would sit down in the middle of her little kitchen, and stare through the

water-butt for hours together. She was growing idiotic, and once or twice tried to "keep count" of the number of cats *per diem* that came over the wall, but gave it up as hopeless.

About two months after our enancy of the suburban retreat, I returned home in the afternoon. My wife, when I left home, had entreated me to come back soon, because she felt so dull.

"Anne," said I, "it has struck me it wouldn't be a bad thing if we were to purchase this house. It is to be sold. We should then have a comfortable shelter for the remainder of our lives."

"Ls! Mr. Rushworth, you wouldn't think of such a thing."

"Why not, my dear? we couldn't get a more airy place. I'm sure the street-door never opens but the yard-door bangs to like the report of a culverin. And then the rooms—the love of a kitchen—the—"

I saw such a piteous expression in my wife's face that I could not pursue this strain. "Anne," I exclaimed, giving her a hug,—"I have been to the nominal landlord (the real landlord is Braisier)—here I stopped an exclamation—"and I have made an arrangement to quit at once. I wouldn't stay here another month for the fee-simple of the whole detestable district. So get ready your old bed-wenchers, and your hammers. Brush up little for another grand effort. Order your vans and your carmen; and I'll go to Margate for a week, and walk in when everything's in its place."

"But where on earth are we to go to?" asked my wife, her face brightening.

"I've been to Mrs. Truman, who thinks us a couple of fools, though she didn't say so, and out of the abundance of her kindness and compassion she'll try us once more. I've already put Mrs. Dredge on the floors."

I had heartfelt thanks from an eye, every glance of which I had long learnt how to interpret. All this was done out of hand, and I came back and finished my history of the Pyramids, which will be out in a month or two; and if any gentleman wishes to figure in my list, I shall be very happy of his name, and his subscription.

JUANCHO THE BULL-FIGHTER.

[Concluded.]

All that night Juanchito kept watch and ward in front of Militona's dwelling, in hopes of falling in with her new admirer. Militona learned this from old Aldonsa, who lived in the house, and she felt seriously alarmed lest the handsome cavalier who had been so courteous to her at the circus, and whom she could not remember without a certain interest, should come to harm at the hands of the terrible torero who thus tyrannised over her inclinations and scared away all aspirants to her favour. Juanchito, meanwhile, steady in his resolve to exterminate his rival, had betaken himself, on coming off guard in the Calle del Povar, to a tailor's in the Calle Mayor, and there had exchanged his usual majo's dress for a suit of black and a round hat. Thus metamorphosed into a sober citizen, he passed the day and evening in the Prado, the most elegant coffee houses, the theatres—in every place, in short, where he thought it likely he should meet with the object of his anger. But nowhere could he find him, and that for the best of reasons. At the very hour that the torero purchased the disguise intended to facilitate his revenge, Don Andres, in the back shop of a clothes-dealer on the Rastro—the great Madrid market for second-hand articles of every description—donned the complete costume of a manolo, trusting it would aid him in his design upon Militona. Equipped in a round jacket of snuff-coloured cloth, abundantly decorated with small buttons, in loose pantaloons, a silk sash, a dark cloak and velvet-trimmed hat, which garments, although not quite new, were not wanting in a certain elegance, and sat trimly upon his well-made person, Andres hurried to the Calle del Povar. He at once recognised the window described to him by Perico; a curtain was drawn before it on the inner side, and nothing indicated that the room had an occupant.

"Doubtless she is gone out," thought Andres, "and will return only when her day's work is finished. She must be a needle-woman, cigar-maker, embroiderer, or something of that kind," and he walked on.

Militona had not gone out. She was cutting out a dress upon her little table. The occupation required no great mystery, but nevertheless her door was bolted, for fear probably of some sudden invasion on the part of Juanchito, rendered doubly dangerous by the absence of Tia Aldonsa. As she worked, Militona's thoughts travelled faster than her needle. They ran upon the young man who had gazed at her the previous evening, at the circus, with so tender and ardent a gaze, and who had spoken a few words to her in a voice that still sounded pleasantly in her ear.

It was night, and Juanchito, straitened and uncomfortable in his modern costume, and wearied with fruitless researches, paced the alleys of the Prado with hasty steps, looking every man in the face, but without discovering his rival. At the same hour, Andres, seated in an orchateria de shufas (orgeat-shop) nearly opposite Militona's house, quietly consumed a glass of iced lemonade. He had placed himself on picket there, with Perico for his vidette. Juanchito would have passed him by without recognising him, or thinking of seeking his enemy under the round jacket and felt hat of a manolo, but Militona, concealed in the corner of her window had not been deceived for an instant by the young man's disguise. Love has sharper eyes than hatred. Devoured by anxiety, the manolo asked herself what could be the projects of the persevering cavalier, and dreaded the terrible scene that must ensue should Juanchito discover him. Andres, his elbows upon the table, watched every one who went in or out of the house; but night came and Militona had not appeared. He began to doubt the correctness of his emissary's information, when a light in the young girl's window showed that the room was inhabited. Hastily writing a few words in pencil on a scrap of paper, he called Perico, who lingered in the neighbourhood, and bade him take the billet to the pretty manola. Perico slipped into the house, fumbled his way up stairs, and discovered Militona's door by the light shining through the cracks. Two discreet taps; the wicket was half opened, and the note taken in.

"It is to be hoped she can read," thought Andres, as he paid for his lemonade, left the shop, and walked slowly up and down the street. This was what he had written:—

"One who cannot forget you, and who would grieve to do so, ardently desires to see you again; but after your last words at the circus, and ignorant of your position, he fears to place you in peril by seeking an interview. Danger to himself would be no obstacle. Extinguish your lamp, and throw your answer from the window."

In a few minutes the lamp disappeared, the window opened, and Militona took in her water-jar. In so doing she upset one of the pots of sweet basil, which fell into the street and was broken to pieces. Amidst the brown earth scattered upon the pavement, something white was visible. It was Militona's answer. Andres called a sereno, or watchman, who just then passed, with his

lantern at the end of his halbert, and begging him to lower the light, read the following words, written in a tremulous hand, and in large irregular letters:—

"Begone instantly . . . I have no time to say more. To-morrow, at ten o'clock, in the church of San Isidro. For Heaven's sake begone! your life is at stake."

"Thank you, my good man," said Andres, putting a real into the sereno's hand, "you may go."

The street was quite deserted, and Andres was walking slowly away, when the apparition of a man, wrapped in a cloak, beneath which the handle of a guitar formed an acute angle, excited his curiosity, and he stepped into the dark shadow of a low archway. The man threw back the folds of his cloak, brought his guitar forward, and began that monotonous thrumming which serves as accompaniment to serenades and seguidillas. The object of this prelude evidently was to awaken the lady in whose honour it was perpetrated; but Militona's window continued closed and dark; and at last the man, compelled to content himself with an invisible auditory,—in spite of the Spanish proverb, which says, no woman sleeps so soundly that the twang of a guitar will not bring her to the window,—began to sing in a strong Andalusian accent. The serenade consisted of a dozen verses, in which the singer celebrated the charms of a cruel mistress, vowed inextinguishable love, and denounced fearful vengeance upon all rivals. The menaces, however, were far more abundant, in this rude ditty, than the praises of beauty or protestations of affection.

"Caramba!" thought Andres, when the song concluded, "what ferocious poetry! Nothing can tame those couplets. Let us see if Militona is touched by the savage strain. This must be the terrible lover by whom she is so frightened. She might be alarmed at less."

Don Andres advanced his head a little; a moonbeam fell upon it, and Juancho's quick eye detected him. "Good!" said Andres to himself, "I am caught. Now then, cool and steady."

Juancho threw down his guitar, which resounded mournfully on the pavement, and ran up to Andres, whose face was now in the full moon-light, and whom he at once recognised.

"What do you here at this hour?" said the bull-fighter, in a voice that trembled with passion.

"I listen to your music; it is a refined amusement."

"If you listened, you heard that I allow no one to set foot in this street when I sing."

"I am naturally very disobedient," replied Andres, with perfect coolness.

"You will change your character to-day."

"Certainly not—I am attached to my habits."

"Defend yourself, then, or die!" cried Juancho, drawing his knife, and rolling his cloak round his arm. His movements were imitated by Andres, who placed himself on guard with a promptness that showed knowledge of the weapon, and somewhat surprised the bull-fighter. Andres had long practised the "navaja" under one of the best teachers in Seville, as at Paris one sees young men of fashion take lessons of "savate" and singlestick, reduced to mathematical principles by Lecourt and Boucher.

Juancho hovered about his adversary, advancing his left arm, protected by numerous folds of cloth, as buckler, his right drawn back to give more swing and force to the blow; now stooping with knees bent, then rising up like a giant, and again sinking down like a dwarf; but the point of his knife was always met by the cloaked arm of Andres. Alternately retreating and suddenly and impetuously attacking, he springing right and left, balancing his blade on his hand, as though about to hurl it at his foe. Andres replied several times to these varied attacks by such rapid and well-directed thrusts, that a less adroit combatant than Juancho would hardly have parried them. It was truly a fine fight, and worthy a circle of spectators learned in the art; but, unfortunately, the windows were all closed, and the street was empty. Academicians of the San Lucar, of the Potro of Cordova, of the Albaycin of Granada, and of the barrio of Triana,* why were ye not there to witness the doughty deeds of those valiant champions?

The two champions, vigorous though they were, grew fatigued with such violent exertions; the sweat streamed from their temples, their breasts heaved like the bellows of a forge, their feet were heavier on the ground, their movements less elastic. Juancho felt the point of Andres' knife pierce his sleeve, and his rage redoubled; with a desperate bound, and at risk of his life, he sprang like a panther upon his enemy. Andres fell backwards, and, in his fall, burst open the imperfectly fastened door of Militona's house, in front of which the duel occurred. Juancho walked quietly away. The sereno, who just then passed the end of the street, uttered his monotonous cry: "Las once y media, y sereno."†

In an agony of anxiety, Militona had listened from her window to the noise of this conflict; she would have called for help, but her tongue clove to her palate, and terror compressed her throat with iron fingers. At last, half frantic, and unconscious of what she did, she staggered down stairs, and reached the door just as it was forced open by the weight of Andres' inanimate body.

The next morning, soon after daybreak, when the torero, in cloak and slouched hat, walked into the neighbourhood of the Plaza de Lavapiés to hear what was said of the night's events, he learned, to his intense horror, that Andres, severely but not mortally wounded, had been conveyed to Militona's room, and placed in her bed, where he now lay, carefully tended by the manola, of whose humane and charitable conduct the gossips of the quarter were loud in praise. When Juancho heard this, his knees shook, and he was forced to support himself against the wall. His rival in the chamber, and on the bed, of Militona! He could scarcely refrain from rolling on the ground, and tearing his breast with his nails. Recovering himself, he entered the house and ascended the stairs with a heavy and sinister-sounding step. "In her chamber! In her chamber!" he muttered. And, as he spoke, he instinctively opened and shut his long Albacete knife. On reaching the top of the stairs, he knocked violently at the manola's door.

Andres started on his bed of suffering; Militona, who was seated near him, turned deadly pale, and rose to her feet as if impelled by springs. Tia Aldonsa looked horribly frightened, and devoutly crossed herself. The blow was so imperative as to command attention; a repetition of the summons would have forced the door from its hinges. With trembling hand Aldonsa opened the wicket, and beheld Juancho's face at the aperture. Medusa's mask, livid amidst its grim and snaky locks, could hardly have produced a more terrible effect upon the poor old woman. Speechless and petrified, she stood with fixed eyeballs, open mouth, and hands extended. True it was, that the torero's head, seen through the grating, had no very amiable and encouraging aspect; his eyes were injected with blood; his face was livid, and his cheek-bones, whence the

usual ruddy tinge had fled, formed two white spots in his cadaverous countenance; his distended nostrils palpitated like those of ferocious beasts that had scent of prey; his teeth were pressed upon his lip, which was swollen and bloody from the bite. Jealousy, fury, and revenge had set their stamp on his distorted features.

"Blessed Lady of Almudena!" muttered the old woman, "deliver us from this peril, and I promise you a wax taper with a velvet handle."

Courageous as he was, Andres experienced that uneasy feeling to which the bravest men are subject when exposed to a danger against which they are defenceless. He mechanically extended his hand to seek some weapon.

As nobody opened the door, Juancho applied his shoulder to it and gave a push; the planks cracked, and the plaster crumbled from round the lock and hinges. Then Militona, placing herself before Andres, said in a calm and firm voice to the old woman, who was half crazed with terror:

"Aldonsa, open the door; I insist upon it."

Aldonsa drew the bolt, and, standing close to the wall, pulled the door back upon her for protection, like a helot letting a tiger into the arena, or a servant admitting into the bull-ring some furious native of Gavia or Colmenar. Juancho, who expected more resistance, entered slowly, as if disconcerted by the absence of obstacles. But a single glance at Andres, stretched in Militona's bed, brought back all his fury. He seized the door, to which Tia Aldonsa, who thought her last hour had come, clung with all her might, and shutting it in spite of the poor woman's efforts, placed his back against it, and crossed his arms upon his breast.

"Angels of heaven!" muttered Aldonsa, her teeth chattering with terror, "he will murder us all three. I will call out of the window."

And she made a step in that direction. But Juancho, guessing her intention, seized her by the gown, and with a single jerk replaced her against the wall, her skirt half torn off.

"Hag!" he cried, "if you attempt to call out, I will twist your neck like a fowl's, and send your old soul to the devil. Come not between me and the object of my wrath, or I crush you on my path."

And he pointed to Andres, who, pale and feeble, in vain endeavoured to raise his head from the pillow. It was a horrible situation. No noise had been made that could alarm the neighbours, who, moreover, would have been more likely to lock themselves in their rooms for fear of Juancho, than to render assistance. There were no means for apprising the police, or obtaining succour from without. Poor Andres, severely wounded, weak from loss of blood, without arms, and unable to use them had he any, lay at the mercy of a ruffian intoxicated with rage and jealousy. All this because he had ogled a pretty manola at a bull-fight. It is allowable to suppose that at that moment he regretted the tea-table, piano, and prosaic society of Dona Felicianita de los Rios. Nevertheless, on casting a supplicatory glance at Militona, as if to implore her not to risk her safety in his defence, he found her so marvellously lovely in her pallor and emotion, that he could not think her acquaintance dearly purchased even by this great peril. She stood erect, one hand on the edge of Andres' bed, whom she seemed resolved to protect, the other extended towards the door with a gesture of supreme majesty.

"What do you here, murderer?" she cried, in clear and thrilling tones.

"You sought a lover; you find a wounded and helpless man. Begone! Fear you not lest the wound break out afresh at your presence? Are you not sick of bloodshed? Do you come as an assassin?"

The young girl accentuated the last word in so singular a manner, and accompanied it with so piercing and terrible a look, that Juancho was embarrassed, reddened, turned pale, and the ferocity of his countenance was exchanged for an expression of uneasiness. After a pause, he spoke in a choked and faltering voice.

"Swear, by the relics of Monte Sagrado, and by the image of the Virgin del Pilar, by your dead father, and your sainted mother, that you do not love this man, and I instantly depart."

Andres awaited Militona's reply with intense anxiety. She made none. Her long black lashes drooped over her cheek, which was suffused with a faint tinge of pink. Although this silence was perhaps his doom to death, Andres felt his heart leap with joy.

"If you will not swear," continued Juancho, "affirm it. I will believe you; you have never lied. But if you keep silence, I must kill him." And he approached the bed with uplifted knife.

"You love him?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the young girl, with flashing eyes and a voice trembling with passion and indignation. "I love him. If he dies on my account, let him know at least that he is beloved. Let him carry to his grave that word, his consolation and your torture."

With a bound, Juancho stood beside Militona, whose arm he rudely grasped.

"Do not repeat it," he exclaimed, "or I throw you, with my knife in your heart, upon the body of your minion."

"What care I!" cried the courageous girl. "Think you I will live if he dies?"

"Andres made a desperate effort to raise himself. He endeavoured to call out; a reddish foam rose to his lips—his wound had opened. He fell back senseless upon his pillow."

"If you do not depart," cried Militona to the torero, "I hold you vile, base, and a coward. I believe all that has been said of you; I believe that you could have saved Domi gues when the bull knelt upon his breast, and that you would not, because you were meanly jealous of him."

"Militona! Militona! you have a right to hate me, although never did man love woman as I love you; but you have no right to despise me. No human power could save Domingues."

"If you would not have me think you an assassin, depart!"

"Yes, I will wait till he is cured," replied Juancho, in a gloomy tone.—"Take good care of him. I have sworn, that whilst I live, no man shall call you his."

During this stormy scene, old Aldonsa had slipped out to sound an alarm in the neighbourhood. Five or six men now rushed into the room, seized Juancho and dragged him out with them. But on the landing-place he shook them from him, as a bull shakes off a pack of dogs, and forcing his way through all opposition, reached the street and was lost to view in the maze of buildings that surrounds the Plaza de Lavapiés.

The friends of Don Andres de Salcedo, uneasy at his disappearance, had already applied to the police to obtain news of his fate. Researches were made, and Argamasilla and Covachuelo, two of the most wily alguazils of the secret police, at last succeeded in ferreting out traces of the missing cavalier. Orders were given to arrest Juancho the bull-fighter, on a charge of assassination. But the Madrid police are not very celebrated for courage and decision,

* Places of bad fame in the respective towns, frequented by thieves and suspicious character.

† Half-past eleven, and a fine night.

and the two thief-catchers above named, to whom the execution of the warrant was intrusted, proceeded on their mission with infinite delicacy, awed by the notorious strength and fierceness of the torero. Evil tongues were ready to assert that they took considerable pains not to meet with the man for whose capture they affected to be anxious. At last, however, a clumsy spy reported to them that the object of their timid researches had just entered the circus with as calm an air as if he had no crime upon his conscience, or fear of the arm of justice. Argamasilla and Covachuelo could no longer evade the performance of their duty, and were compelled to betake themselves to the place pointed out.

The unwelcome information was correct. Juanchito had gone to the circus, driven thither by the force of habit rather than by any interest in the spot that had once engrossed his thoughts and energies. Since the terrible scene in Militona's room had convinced him she loved another, his courage and energy seemed to have deserted him. He was morose, listless, and indifferent to every thing. Nevertheless he had instinctively wandered down to the bull-ring, to look at some remarkably fine beasts that had been brought to the stable for the next day's fight. He was still there and was walking across the arena, when Argamasilla and Covachuelo arrived with a little squad of assistants, and Covachuelo, with infinite ceremony and courtesy, informed Juanchito that he was under the painful necessity of conducting him to prison. Juanchito shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and walked on. The alguazil made a sign, and two men laid hands upon the torero, who brushed them away as though they had been flies upon his sleeves. The whole band then precipitated themselves upon him; he struggled furiously, and knocked them about like nine-pins, but sensible that he must at last be overpowered by numbers, he managed gradually to get near the toril,* and then, shaking off his assailants by a sudden effort, he opened the door, and took refuge in that dangerous asylum. His enemies endeavoured to follow him, but whilst they tried to force the door, it suddenly flew open, and a bull, haunted from its stall by Juanchito, dashed with lowered horns and dreadful bellow amongst the terrified troop. The poor devils had but just time to climb the barriers, and one of them only escaped with a terrible rent in his lower garments.

This daring proceeding of the besieged greatly disconcerted the besiegers. Nevertheless they plucked up courage, and, after a while, ventured to return to the charge. This time two bulls rushed out, and as the police dispersed and got away with all the agility of fear, the wild animals, seeing no human foes, turned their wrath against each other, crossed their horns, and with muzzles in the dust of the circus, made furious efforts for mastery.

"Comrade," cried Covachuelo to Juanchito, "we know the extent of your ammunition. You have still five bulls to let off; after that you will be compelled to surrender unconditionally. If you capitulate and come out at once, I will take you to prison with due regard for your feelings, without handcuffs, in a coach at your own expense, and will say nothing in my report of the resistance you have made, which would aggravate your case."

Juanchito, careless about his liberty, ceased his defence, and gave himself up to Argamasilla and Covachuelo, who took him to prison with all the honours of war.

The torero's case was a bad one. The public prosecutor represented the nocturnal combat as an attempted assassination. Fortunately Andres, whom a good constitution and Militona's unremitting care speedily restored to health, interceded for him representing the affair as a duel, fought with an unusual weapon certainly, but with one which he could accept, because he was acquainted with its management. The generous young man happy in Militona's love, thought poor Juanchito had suffered sufficiently on his account, without being sent to the galleys for a wound now perfectly healed. Andres held his present happiness cheaply bought at the price of a stab. And as a murder can hardly be very severely punished, when the victim is in perfect health and pleads for his assassin, the result of the interest he made, was the release of Juanchito, who left his prison with the bitter regret of owing his liberty to the man he most hated upon earth, and from whom he would sooner have died than receive a favour.

"Unhappy wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, when he once more found himself unfettered and in sunshine. "Henceforward, I must hold this man's life sacred, or deserve the epithet of coward and villain. Oh! I would a thousand times have preferred the galleys! In ten years I should have returned and could have revenged myself."

From that day Juanchito disappeared. It was said that he had been seen galloping on his famous black horse in the direction of Andalusia. Be that as it might, he was no more seen in Madrid.

The departure of the bull-fighter was shortly followed by the marriage of Andres and Militona, Andres having been released from his previous engagement with Dona Feliciano de los Rios, who had discovered, during his illness, that she had in fact very little affection for her betrothed husband, and had encouraged the attentions of a rich English traveller. The double marriage took place on the same day and in the same church. Militona had insisted on making her own wedding dress; it was a masterpiece, and seemed cut out of the leaves of a lily. It was so well made, that nobody remarked it. Feliciano's dress was extravagantly rich. When they came out of church, every body said of Feliciano, "What a lovely gown!" and of Militona, "What a charming person!"

Two months had elapsed, and Don Andres de Salcedo and his lady lived in retirement at a delicious country villa near Granada. With good sense that equalled her beauty, Militona refused to mix in the society to which her marriage elevated her, until she should have repaired the deficiencies of an imperfect education. The departure of a friend for the Manillas, compelled her husband to visit Cadiz, and she accompanied him. They found the Gaditanos raving of a torero who performed prodigies of skill and courage. Such temerity had never before been witnessed. He gave out that he came from Lima in South America, and was then engaged at Puerto-de-Santa-Maria. Thither Andres, who felt his old tauromachian ardor revive at the report of such prowess, persuaded his wife to accompany him, and at the appointed hour they took their places in a box at the circus. On all sides they heard praises of this famous torero. His incredible feats were in every body's mouth, and all declared that if he was not killed, he would very soon eclipse the fame of the great Montes himself.

The fight began, and the torero made his appearance. He was dressed in black; his vest, garnished with ornaments of silk and jet, had a sombre richness harmonizing with the wild and almost sinister countenance of its wearer; a yellow sash was twisted round his meagre person, which seemed composed solely of bone and muscle. His dark countenance was traversed by furrows,

*The stable where the bulls are kept.

traced, as it seemed, rather by the hand of care than by lapse of years; for although youth had disappeared from his features, middle age had not yet set its stamp upon them. There was something in the face and figure of the man which Andres thought he remembered; but he could not call him to mind when or where he had seen him. Militona, on the other hand, did not doubt for an instant. In spite of his small resemblance to his former self, she at once recognised Juanchito.

The terrible change wrought in so short a time had something that alarmed her. It proved how terrible was the passion that had thus played havoc with this man of iron frame.

Hastily opening her fan to conceal her face, she said to Andres in a hurried voice:

"It is Juanchito."

But her movement was too late; the torero had seen her; with his hand he waved a salutation.

"Juanchito it really is!" cried Andres; "the poor fellow is sadly changed; he has grown ten years older. Ah! he is the new torero of whom they talk so much: he has returned to the bull-ring."

"Let us go, Andres," said Militona to her husband. "I know not why, but I am very uneasy; I feel sure something will happen."

"What can happen," replied Andres, "except the death of horses and the fall of a few picadores?"

"I fear least Juanchito should commit some extravagance,—some furious act."

"You cannot forget that unlucky stab, or lucky one, I should rather call it, since to it I owe my present happiness." And Andres tenderly pressed the hand of his bride, to whose cheeks the blood that for an instant had left them, now began to return. "If you knew Latin—which you fortunately do not—I would tell you that the law of non bis in idem guarantees my safety. Besides the honest fellow has had time to calm himself."

Juanchito performed prodigies. He behaved as if invulnerable; took bulls by the tail and made them waltz, put his foot between their horns and leaped over them, tore off the ribbons with which they were adorned, planted himself right in their path and harassed them with unparalleled audacity. The delighted spectators were outrageous in their applause, and swore that such a bull-fight had never been witnessed since the days of Cid Campeador. The other bull-fighters, electrified by the example of their chief, seemed equally reckless of danger. The picadores advanced to the very centre of the circus, the banderillos drove their darts in the flanks of the bull without once missing. When any of them were hard pressed, Juanchito was ever at hand, prompt to distract the attention of the furious beasts, and draw its anger on himself. One of the chulos fell, and would have been ripped from navel to chin, had not Juanchito, at risk of his life, forced the bull from its victim. Every thrust he gave was delivered with such skill and force that the sword entered exactly between the shoulders, and disappeared to the hilt. The bull fell at his feet as though struck by lightning, and a second blow was never once required.

"Caramba!" exclaimed Andres, "Montes, the Chiclanero, Arjona, Labi, and the rest of them, had better take care; Juanchito will excel them all, if he has not done so already."

But such exploits as these were not destined to be repeated; Juanchito attained that day the highest sublimity of the art; he did things that will never be done again. Militona herself could not help applauding; Andres was wild with delight and admiration; the delirium was as its height; frantic acclamations greeted every movement of Juanchito.

The sixth bull was let into the arena.

Then an extraordinary and unheard-of thing occurred; Juanchito after playing the bull manoeuvring his cloak with consummate dexterity, took his sword, and, instead of plunging it into the animal's neck, as was expected, hurled it from him with such force, that it turned over and over in the air, and stuck deep in the ground at the other end of the circus.

"What is he about?" was shouted on all sides. "This is madness—not courage! What new scheme is this? Will he kill the bull with his bare hands?"

Juanchito cast one look at Militona—one ineffable look of love and suffering. Then he remained motionless before the bull. The beast lowered its head.—One of his horns entered the breast of the man, and came out red to the very root. A shriek of horror from a thousand voices rent the sky.

Militona fell back upon her chair in a deathlike swoon.

From the N. O. Delta.

THE LATE BATTLES IN MEXICO. THE BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

TACUBAYA, Aug. 26.

Eds. Delta:—The late brilliant and glorious achievement of the arms of the United States over the superior numbers of the enemy, and in front of the capital of the country, cannot but excite the admiration and pride of our people, from one end of the land to the other; but to those who were not here to witness and participate in the desperation of the conflict—the great and apparently insurmountable obstacles—the privations and hardships endured—never can properly appreciate the brilliancy of the victory, the gallantry and good conduct, and the scientific attainments of our noble little army. Our comparative loss, of those engaged, exceeds that of any battle of which we have any recollection; being about one out of six. To attempt to enumerate, in a proper manner, the individual instances of heroism—of determined and deliberate courage—of the perseverance and intrepidity with which great and powerful obstacles were surmounted—would be but commencing an endless task. I trust when the details of these brilliant affairs are given by the respective commanders, that our country will testify its admiration and respect by some substantial reward—a reward that will live in memory and history when the actors in these stirring scenes shall have mouldered in the dust.

About the 15th inst., it was determined that we should not attack El Penon, where the enemy had made every preparation to receive us, and where, no doubt, we would have been compelled to sacrifice many more lives than we have already done. Accordingly, the engineers having discovered a road by which we could turn it, we took our march around Lake Chalco. At this movement the enemy were seriously nonplussed, and they were not aware themselves of any practical route we could take that would so effectually turn their position, and in order to delay our movement, sent out Gen. Alvares, the great champion of the South, with his Pintos, (a tribe of Indians spotted by nature,) together with a portion of the regular army, amounting in all to about 10,000 men, to attack the rear column under the command of Gen. Twiggs, but it turned out to be a feeble attempt. Gen. Twiggs had scarcely formed

his line of battle and opened his artillery, under the command of Capt. Taylor, before they fled with great precipitancy. A few well-directed shots from the battery made a forcible impression upon their columns, and they retreated leaving a portion of their dead and wounded to take care of themselves. The whole affair did not detain Gen. Twiggs more than an hour, and he was again on his march. By this time the enemy had discovered the route by which we were moving, and endeavored to obstruct the road; but the sappers and miners, aided by the head of Gen. Worth's column, soon cleared the road at different places, and by the 17th the head of Gen. Worth's column, arrived at San Agustin—the enemy's skirmishers firing from every hill top and point which favored them on the route, and their cavalry presenting themselves in force several times during the day, but never daring to attack.

On the 18th, Gen. Worth's column moved down the road in the direction of San Antonio, from which place the enemy fired upon a squadron of dragoons, (killing Capt. Thornton and wounding the guide, Jonathan Gitzwater,) advanced to protect the engineers in a reconnaissance of the fortifications of San Antonio. Capt. Thornton had been very unwell for some time, and went out in command of his squadron against the advice of his physician and his senior officers; but his energy and gallantry would not allow him to remain inactive when there was the least possibility of meeting the foe. As soon as the dragoons were withdrawn, Col. Duncan's battery and the sappers and miners moved down the road, and took a position that would enable them to operate in any direction, in case of emergency. Col. Smith's light battalion was thrown out on the left front, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to hold him in check in case of his advancing his flank. Immediately after Col. Garland's brigade made a diversion to the right, and took position in line, resting his right at the hacienda of San Juan de Dios, about 400 yards to the right of the road. As soon as this movement was completed, the 2d brigade under Col. Clark, moved down the road until the head of his column rested on the left wing of Col. Garland. One section of the mountain howitzers was brought forward, and thus they remained until sundown, when the brigade of cavalry withdrew, leaving the infantry and artillery on the ground. About 2 o'clock a heavy rain came on, which completely drenched the troops, and they were also exposed during the night to a slow drizzling rain without tents or blankets. Gen. Worth, with a part of his first brigade, occupied the hacienda of San Juan de Dios during the night, and the enemy amused themselves by firing a few random shots at it about sundown, from San Antonio, but without any other effect than to riddle the house completely with balls, and to besprinkle the officers with the mortar and dust of the old hacienda. During the day Major Graham was sent out from San Agustin (Gen. Scott's headquarters) towards Contreras, to protect the engineers in a reconnaissance of the route in that direction, where, during the forenoon, he engaged a force of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, which he drove back with a loss of 8 killed, 2 wounded, and 5 prisoners—Major Graham's command sustaining no loss.

On the 19th, the enemy fired from the works of San Antonio on the hacienda of San Juan de Dios, supposing a part of our forces were still there. About ten o'clock, the sappers and miners, under Lieut. Smith, and the section of mounted howitzers, under Lieut. Callender, returned to San Agustin, and joined Gen. Pillow's division, which was then taking up its march in the direction of Contreras. Gen. Pillow continued his march, opening the road as he went, until he reached a high point, from whence he had the enemy and his fortifications in full view. Between one and two o'clock the division of Gen. Twiggs came up with the advance and moved forward—Gen. Smith's brigade advancing to the left, and Col. Riley's to the right. Gen. Pillow placed at the disposition of Gen. Twiggs Capt. Magruder's battery, and Lieut. Cadwallader's howitzers—both of which belonged to the proper division of Gen. Pillow.

With great difficulty, the two batteries moved forward, having to travel half a mile over a broken and confused mass of lava, apparently impassable even for footmen. The enemy opened his heavy batteries from Contreras, and the advancing troops of General Smith's brigade hotly engaged the enemy's infantry, which he had thrown out across a deep ravine and creek in front of his fortifications. He appeared determined to maintain his position in front of his fortifications, using his artillery for a time against the rear brigades of our army as they came up; but he was not able to stand the severity of the conflict, and was compelled to retire with heavy loss. He then concentrated his fire upon the howitzers and Capt. Magruder's battery. These two batteries sustained, for more than an hour, the fire of twenty-two pieces of artillery, mostly largely calibre, when they were ordered by Gen. Smith to retire from so unequal a conflict. The loss was very severe, and among others, we have to lament the death of Lieut. Johnson; Lieut. Callender was also severely wounded.

Gen. Pillow had ordered Gen. Pierce's brigade to the support of Gen. Smith, and Gen. Cadwallader's to the support of Col. Riley. At this state of the battle, while it was raging with extreme severity, the enemy appeared on the left of the fort at Contreras, and in rear of the village of Eusaldo, where Col. Riley had arrived, and with a force of 12,000 men, (which we afterwards learned was under the command of Santa Anna himself,) apparently threatened the safety of Col. Riley and Gen. Cadwallader. Gen. Pillow ordered the 15th Infantry, under Col. Morgan, to the support of Gen. Cadwallader. Gen. Scott came upon the ground about this time, bringing with him Gen. Shields' brigade of volunteers (South Carolina and New York) whom he advanced to the support of the forces under Gen. Cadwallader.

Gen. Twiggs finding his command so separated, and that it was utterly impossible, from the nature of the ground, for him to reach the point he intended to occupy, as night approached, fell back, with a portion of his staff, to the place where Gen. Scott was passing the night, exposed to a severe rain, without shelter, or anything more than his usual uniform, to protect him from the inclemency of the weather.

Magruder's and the howitzer battery being disabled, and it being evident that our left was advancing on a route, prepared for us by the enemy—he having cleared away all the brush and other obstacles that obstructed his view, thereby exposing our infantry to a destructive fire as they approached, and it being doubtful whether they should cross the ravine after they reached it, Gen. Smith directed Captain Magruder and the howitzer battery to open, in order to attract the attention of the enemy, while he made a movement to the right, which he had determined on, in order to try one of the enemy's flanks. Leaving three companies of the 3d Infantry to support the battery, and about 20 men of Major Dimick's command to reinforce the loss sustained by the battery, Gen. Smith moved off with the sappers and miners, Lieut. Smith, 1st Artillery, Major Dimick, and 3d Artillery, Captain Alexander, and as many of the rifle regiment as could be got together, they having been detached during the day as skirmishers, and to cover the engineers in their reconnaissance. After passing over the broken and irregular surface of land, and crossing the deep ravines, he succeeded in reaching the village of Eusaldo. Gen. Smith being the rank-

ing officer present, Gen. Cadwallader reported to him with four regiments of Gen. Pillow's division. Col. Riley's brigade had crossed the ravine, and gone up towards Contreras, after a strong body of the enemy, which he drove off. The enemy was now drawn up in two lines, above the village, on the right of the fort—the front infantry, and the rear cavalry. The village of Eusaldo is protected on the one side by a deep ravine—on the road between it and the stream is a house and garden, surrounded by a high and rather strong stone wall; the village is intersected by narrow lanes, between high dikes, enclosing gardens full of fruit trees and shrubbery, affording protection and concealment to the men. The church, standing in the centre, also afforded protection, if necessary. Gen. Smith now directed Gen. Cadwallader's force to be drawn up on the outer edge of the village, facing the enemy's heavy force on the left of the fort—formed the 2d Infantry and Rifles in column of company, left in front on the right flank, and placed Lieut. Smith's sappers and miners, and Captain Irwin's company of the 11th Infantry, in the church, and Major Dimick's regiment in the garden on the road, in order to secure that avenue and his rear.

Gen. Smith now determined to attack the large force on the enemy's right; with Col. Riley on the left, Gen. Cadwallader on the right of the former retired in echelon, but before the movement could be completed night approached and the enemy's line could not be seen—therefore the order was countermanded, and Gen. Cadwallader resumed his position on the edge of the village; Col. Riley's brigade was formed in a long lane parallel to it, the Rifles on his left, and the 3d Infantry in the churchyard. Thus they remained exposed to a severe rain all night without fire or shelter—the officers from generals down sharing the severity of the weather—but perhaps it only whetted their appetites for a more glorious and determined engagement in the morning. But now imagine the position of this portion of the army, numbering 3500 at the outside, without artillery or cavalry, while the enemy in front and on the left had 19,000 troops—those in the fort said to be the best of Mexico—with 22 pieces of artillery, and among his troops about 7000 cavalry. It was evident that some decisive action had to be taken—that some great effort had to be made—and Gen. Smith and Col. Riley, seconded as they were, were just the men competent to the task. An attack upon the main work was determined upon, and the movement to take place at three o'clock the following morning. However, here another obstacle presented itself—the force of Gen. Smith was not strong enough to attack the main work and hold the village at the same time and it was of the utmost importance he should do so—for if he drove the enemy from this main work, and in his retreat he secured possession of the village, he could hold it long enough to allow his troops to get away, and in all probability seriously embarrass any further movements of our army until he was safely fixed somewhere else. It is said that fortune favors the brave—and in this instance it most truly did—for while Gen. Smith was preparing for this attack, Gen. Shields reported his near approach with his brigade of South Carolina and New York Volunteers—and here was an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of a high minded soldier to a brother officer. When Shields arrived he was the ranking officer, and could have assumed the command, but he was not the man to pluck the bright laurels about to be gathered by a brother soldier in carrying one of the strong works of the enemy—accordingly he moved subject to the orders of Gen. Smith, and his brigade was placed in the village of Eusaldo, as circumstances might require, either to cut off the retreat of the troops from Contreras, or to take the reserve of the enemy in flank, if it should change its front and attempt to attack our force towards Contreras.

At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, our troops commenced their movement towards the front of attack—the night was so dark that the men could not go out of reach of one another for fear of losing their way. This caused the movement to be so slow that day-break approached before the head of Gen. Cadwallader's brigade commenced descending into the ravine at the village. As soon as Col. Riley got out of the deep ravine, and at a point where it was thought the rear work could be approached, the head of the column halted and closed at the same time drawing the loads out of the guns supposed to be wet. Col. Riley then formed his brigade into column by divisions—and thus the column stood formed, Col. Riley's brigade on the advance, next Gen. Cadwallader's and Gen. Smith's brigades, together with the sappers and miners, under the command of Major Dimick, closed up the rear—leaving Gen. Shields at the village. Col. Riley continued up the ravine, bearing a little to his left, and as he raised over the bank he stood fronting the rear of the enemy's works, but he was protected from the severity of its fire by the favorable position of the ground. As soon as Col. Riley ascended the hill and came in full view of the enemy, they immediately opened a warm fire upon him. Col. Riley threw out his two advanced divisions as skirmishers, and said—"Forward now, boys, give them hell—close in with them, and let the bayonet do its work!"—and his command rushed down the slope with a desperation and enthusiasm enough to strike terror to the heart of the boldest—while the rear of his command moved steadily forward in solid block with the most mechanical precision.

The sappers and miners, and the rifle regiment, which had been thrown across a ravine intervening between the one they had passed up and under the brow of the slope which Col. Riley came down, from that position poured in a fire which swept in front of Col. Riley's column, then inclining towards their left, joined in the attack on the troops outside of the left flank of the fort. Gen. Cadwallader followed the route taken by Col. Riley, and as soon as his troops were formed moved on to his support. The first brigade, which was bringing up the rear, had been ordered to follow the same route, but while it was on its march by the right flank up the ravine and nearly opposite the fort, Gen. Smith ordered the brigade to face to the left and advance in line to attack the enemy's force in flank: this movement was executed in less time than it takes me to write it—they met the enemy outside of the fort, just as Col. Riley's brigade rushed into it—the enemy was completely routed and commenced a precipitate retreat—their cavalry and infantry had been formed to receive the charge, but both were compelled to give way to the bayonet—the route was most complete, and the victory most decided—but while Riley's brigade took possession of the works and planted their colors upon it, the other force continued the pursuit down the road. The retreating force had to pass near where Gen. Shields' brigade was placed to intercept them. They, however, were not aware of it until they received the well directed fire of the South Carolina Regiment, which mowed them down like grass before the scythe.

The enemy had been completely deceived in reference to the position of Gen. Shields' brigade and the balance of the force, by the sagacity of the General. After Gen. Smith moved off to attack the work, Gen. Shields caused his men to build fires over the ground occupied by the troops during the night, as if the men were preparing their breakfast, which led the enemy to believe our troops still in force in the village; this also led him to believe that we were going to carry into execution the attack we were meditating the night before—accordingly the night before he placed his batteries along his line, and in the morning moved detachments forward to take in flank the attack he supposed we would

make at daylight, and how great his surprise must have been when the first thing he saw in the morning was Col. Riley moving down the slope, having already turned his strong hold—but all doubts were soon dispelled by the capture of his works and the dispersion of his army—they were met at every point by the skillful management and energy of Gen. Shields, whose command compelled them to fly in every direction—some taking to the broken and craggy rocks—some to the ravines—while others depended upon their heels and made most excellent time in a race across the fields. One of the most sagacious movements made by a Mexican officer was made at this place.—After a large portion of the Mexican army had passed through a very narrow pass and our troops after them, he formed a squadron of lancers in the pass, who laid down their arms and surrendered, thus effecting the escape of those who had already passed through, those of our troops who were nearest having to take possession of the prisoners and guard them back, and before another force could go in pursuit they were out of reach.

In this fort there were captured 21 pieces of artillery, mostly large size, a great number of pack mules, a large quantity of ammunition and munitions of war, and upwards of 1500 prisoners; among them were several officers of high rank. The enemy left dead upon the field, which we have buried, upwards of 7000—but his loss was certainly much heavier—as the Mexicans were still burying their friends when I passed over the battle ground two days ago; there were many more killed when the rifles engaged on the 19th than we had any idea of—their unerring aim told with powerful effect. The troops in the Fort were commanded by Valencia, those outside by Santa Anna.

Among the highest achievements of the morning's engagement was the recapture of the two Buena Vista six pounders, belonging to Capt. Washington's battery, by one of the light companies of the same regiment. They now stand before the door of General Twigg's, and I hope when he shall meet his old friend Gen. Taylor, he will have present these beautiful trophies to claim the congratulation. All the small arms taken were immediately destroyed.

The arms were secured and a detachment left to protect the ordnance, ammunition and prisoners; the column formed for the purpose of pursuing the enemy, who had been met by a force from San Angel, when Gen. Twigg arrived, and ordered a speedy and most vigorous pursuit of the enemy, which was immediately done. Gen. Shields's brigade in advance, next Gen. Twigg's division, and the rear by Gen. Pillow's division, the rifles and sappers and miners in advance as skirmishers. There now ensued a sort of running fight all the way to San Angel, the enemy endeavoring to make a stand at every point on the road, the unerring fire of the rifle made every place too hot for them and they were compelled to take refuge in Churubusco.

At San Angel Gen. Pillow arrived and took the command, when the whole column moved down to Culean, when Gen. Scott came up and immediately took the command of the whole.

THE BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.

As soon as the enemy's forces perceived that Contreras was carried, and that we would be able to turn his position and attack him in reverse, he evacuated the fortification and fell back on Churubusco with his artillery and whole force. This was also reinforced by the troops from Contreras, and some from the city, they apparently determined to make their final stand at this point.

The work and position were exceedingly strong and completely masked by a high growth of corn and an orchard which very much precluded our officers getting a proper view of the position and the strength of the work, which proved to be a regular fortification, and had been erected in the incredibly short time of 38 hours. The church buildings formed a large square—the lower front, at the north end, was chiefly a wall, scaffolded for infantry; behind it was a higher building, also covered with infantry, and in the rear of this, the church itself was also covered with infantry, and a high steeple on its right flank was filled with infantry; in front of the first wall was a curtain connecting two salient angles, which flanked it, and was continued back to the side walls of the church, garrisoned heavily with infantry, and mounting 7 pieces of artillery. This was the point at which Gen. Smith's brigade opened the action, and soon followed, a little further to the left, by Col. Riley's brigade—these two composing the Cerro Gordo Division, Gen. Twigg's. Captain Taylor's battery of light artillery also took position near this work, on the right of Gen. Smith's brigade: it soon drew upon it a heavy fire from the fort, which he sustained for an hour and a half, losing 23 of his company, among whom were Lieuts. Martin, Boynton and Sims, and 3 sergeants; he also lost during this time 15 horses. The conduct of Captain Taylor and his company throughout, was such as to excite the admiration of all who witnessed it, as well as of his superior officers.

At the opposite side of the work, the breastwork extended across the road from the church, presenting a similar front, excepting the buildings of the church—the work on the road was also strengthened by a bridge over a creek, behind which was a body of infantry, and the work itself mounting 3 or 4 guns.—Gen. Pillow, with a part of his division, was sent round by Gen. Scott to assault this part of the work, but as he and his command emerged from the mud and mire of the corn fields (having waded, some of them, waist deep) into the road, he met Gen. Worth coming up from San Antonio, with his division; they had a hearty welcome, and one of them proposed that their command should go hand in hand in carrying the work, which was readily agreed to.

At the same time that the other commands were despatched, Gen. Scott ordered Gen. Shields to attack the enemy's extreme left, where he was heavily entrenched; at the same time reinforcing his command with the 9th part of the 12th and 15th infantry, under Gen. Pearce. This movement was executed as soon as the nature of the ground would admit—the whole command having to pass through corn fields of high growth, intercepted by ditches running through them in every direction.

The action now became general, and the severity of the conflict never equalled within the recollection of our oldest soldiers—the enemy was more than three times our number, besides his advantage of artillery and position—added to this, he was stimulated by the fact that it was the last stand of resistance he could make, before we could enter the capital—his troops knew that they were fighting for the last remnant of the Republic, and they stood their ground with as much firmness and resolution as any troops could stand, before the army we at present have here. The roar of musketry was so great, that it was almost impossible for the soldiers to hear the orders of their officers. There was no point at which the action did not rage with severity for more than two hours, which is proven by the fact that our loss at this point was nearly 1000 men.

After the contest had lasted for two hours, our troops had got into such a position as to be able to close with them at the point of the bayonet, which decided the affair in our favor—Gen. Pillow and Gen. Worth carrying the work on

the road, by an officer of Gen. Pillow's division taking down one flag, and one of Gen. Worth's taking down the other, and the 8th infantry planting their colors instead. Gen. Twigg's division carrying the work it attacked at the church, Capt. J. M. Smith, of the 3d infantry, receiving the surrender of the work, with seven pieces of artillery, two stand of colors, Gen. Rincon, together with 104 officers and upwards of 1100 non-commissioned officers and privates, surrendered as prisoners of war. Gen. Shields had his work more to himself, and he fully sustained that high reputation hitherto acquired on the field of battle. When the contest raged highest, and his men were falling around him in every direction, he preserved that even temperament of mind for which he is so characteristic—his countenance wearing that bland and affable appearance throughout the whole engagement. His volunteers stood and moved under the fire with the regularity of veteran troops. South Carolina has sustained a heavy loss. Col. Butler was wounded twice before he received the fatal shot. Two color-bearers were successively shot down, when Lieut. Col. Dickinson took the colors and was bearing the Palmetto proudly amidst the storm, when he also received a severe wound. About the same time that the three divisions at the forts were enabled to close, General Shields succeeded in driving from their position the large force with which he was contending.

The dragoons were now brought forward, and drove the enemy to the gates of the capital, thus closing, for the present, the most brilliant victory achieved by our arms during the war, and one which will vie with any achievement of our arms in times past.

Louisiana had two brilliant representatives who participated largely throughout the whole affair, viz: Gen. P. F. Smith, of the first brigade, second division, and Lieutenant Beauregard, of the engineers; both of which gentlemen signally distinguished themselves, both by their superior military knowledge and their personal courage. The engineer corps throughout has borne a large share of the labors and exposure of the battle.

From intercepted letters which we have in our possession, written on the evening of the battle, we learn the Mexican loss to be five thousand in killed and wounded, and by them we learn, that out of thirty thousand men, they had but between six thousand or eight thousand men left, and they in confusion, without leader—the balance killed, wounded, prisoners, or totally dispersed.

After the troops had arrived at this place, all the former Texan prisoners who were present assembled just below the National Palace, on a fine paved road, made by the labor of their hands, while they remained in this country. On the side of the road stood a beautiful monument, with the following inscription: "Erected to the memory of Gen. Santa Anna in consideration of his having constructed this road by the labor of the prisoners of Texas." It was not long after the assemblage of the crowd, until down came the monument, and not satisfied with tearing it down, they broke the stone into small pieces, and scattered them to the four winds.

On the evening of the 20th, a white flag came out from the city, and on the morning of 21st, we learned that propositions for an armistice had been made, which were agreed to, and Commissioners appointed, who arranged and agreed on terms.

COPY OF A DESPATCH

FROM THE
COLONIAL SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Downing Street, 31st Dec., 1846.

My Lord.—Your Lordship is about to assume the Government of British North America at a time when a change of policy is in progress, which is of no ordinary importance to the interests of every part of the British Empire, and perhaps of none more than of that large portion of the Queen's Dominions in which Her Majesty has been pleased to select you as Her Representative. I need scarcely say that I refer to those Commercial changes which, in the last Session, after long and anxious deliberation, received the sanction of Parliament. By the Acts then passed, it has been provided that, with respect to some of the chief articles of national consumption, there should be a considerable immediate reduction, and an eventual abolition of those Duties imposed, not for the purpose of raising revenue, but with the avowed object of giving an advantage in the markets of this country, to the domestic or colonial producer, over his foreign competitor. It has been enacted, that after a brief interval, the Canadian, in common with the British farmer and in common also with the Sugar Planters of the British Colonies must encounter in the sale of his produce in this country, the unrestricted competition of the foreign grower. The same relief from the burthen of differential duties which has thus been granted to the British consumer, one of the statutes which I have alluded to (the 8 and 9 Victoria, c 94) British Colonies, by empowering them to repeal the differential duties in favour of British produce imposed in these Colonies by former Imperial Acts.

This is not an occasion upon which I could, with propriety, enter into any discussion of the grounds upon which this change of policy has been adopted; but without doing so I may express my firm conviction that, eventually, the welfare of the Colonies, even more than that of the Mother Country, will be promoted by the abandonment of a system of artificial restrictions upon trade.

Looking to the great natural advantages possessed by the British Colonies, and especially by the fine Provinces of North America, I cannot doubt that, adopting a policy of which the object is to render industry productive, by leaving it to its natural channels of employment, and by affording every possible facility to commerce, must lead to their rapid advancement in wealth and prosperity. But with a view to this result, it is of the utmost importance that the Provincial Legislature should strenuously co-operate with the Imperial Parliament. So far as the repeal of the differential duties hitherto imposed upon imports into the Colonies from Foreign Countries, for the purpose of favouring the British producer, I can have no doubt that the Colonial Legislatures will gladly avail themselves of the power conferred upon them, by at once putting an end to these duties; indeed so obvious does it appear, that this measure ought to be the consequence of repealing differential duties imposed in this country to favour the importation of Colonial produce, that Parliament, instead of merely enabling the Colonial Legislatures to abolish the duties alluded to, would probably have at once proceeded to do so by its own authority, had it not been for the late period of the Session at which alone it was possible that the subject should be considered, and the difficulty of determination without more information, than could at the time be procured, how far the simple repeal of these duties, unaccompanied by any precautions, might have affected the finances of some of the Colonies.

I assume, therefore, that these duties will be speedily put an end to; but

does not appear to me, that this is, by any means, the whole of what is required in order to give to the Commerce of British America all the facilities it ought to enjoy. At present each of these Colonies has its distinct establishment of Officers for levying them, the trade between one Province and another being burthened by duties like that between countries entirely unconnected with each other. From their geographical position, relatively to each other, Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being divided only by arbitrary, and in some points still unsettled lines of boundary, and Prince Edward Island being separate from them only by a narrow strait; it is obvious that this state of things must be attended with very great inconvenience. While different rates of duty are levied upon the same articles in Provinces thus bordering upon, and closely connected with each other, and while one Province imposes duties upon the produce of another, it is obvious that a considerable expense must be incurred in maintaining inter-Colonial Lines of Custom Houses, that much encouragement must be given to smuggling,—and what is of still more importance, that great difficulties must be thrown in the way of the mutual intercourse of Provinces so well fitted by nature for carrying on with each other an active and beneficial commerce. The correspondence recorded in this office proves this to be not merely a speculative inconvenience, but one which has been practically, and very seriously felt; nor can any reasonable doubt be entertained that if the duties levied in the different Provinces of British America could be assimilated, if the establishments for collecting them could be consolidated, and the net produce of the duties, after defraying the cost of collection, then divided upon some equitable principle, and placed at the disposal of the several Legislatures, the result would be in the highest degree advantageous to these Colonies, and materially contribute to enable them successfully to meet the difficulties which, for a time, are not unlikely to arise from the removal of commercial restrictions hitherto maintained in this country for their supposed advantage. Your Lordship will not fail to perceive that the original idea of the policy I have now suggested is derived from the German Customs Union, or Zoll-Verein. It is true that in many very important particulars the circumstances of the German States, which formed this Union, were altogether unlike those of the British North American Provinces; and that, therefore, what was done in the one case forms no precedent for the other; but still the example of Germany that there is no insuperable difficulty in effecting an arrangement by which not merely different Provinces of the same Empire, but a large number of Independent States may combine together for the purpose of establishing a common system of Custom House duties, and dividing the revenue which these duties produce. And further, this example also proves that in spite of no inconsiderable faults in the mode of effecting such an arrangement, and above all the great one of having adopted a scale of duties far higher than is consistent with sound commercial and financial views, this Union is admitted to have exercised a high beneficial influence upon the trade and industry of the States which belong to it. Information with respect to this remarkable institution will not therefore be without its value to your Lordship, and I have accordingly the honor of transmitting to you with this Despatch, a copy of a Report upon the subject which was a few years ago laid before Parliament by Her Majesty's command.

I do not anticipate that the intelligent inhabitants of British America will differ from me as to the advantages which would arise from the adopting of such a measure.

They will readily perceive that by moderate duties upon Imports thus levied, the revenue required for the public service in the several Provinces, might be raised at less cost for collection, and with infinitely less of obstruction to commercial enterprise, than by the existing system: and I am convinced that they will fully appreciate the importance, at this particular time, of giving such a stimulus to industry and to trade. But though the importance of the object to be effected will no doubt be universally recognised, I fear that there will be much practical difficulty in accomplishing it.

Such a change can only be carried into operation by the authority of the Provincial Legislature, since that of the Imperial Parliament could not be made use of for this purpose, without an amount of interference with matters of purely internal concern in the several Provinces, which would be utterly inconsistent with the principles upon which they are now governed. But to obtain the concurrence of four separate Legislatures in passing a law involving the arrangement of many details, upon which no doubt great diversities of opinion will arise, and upon which a complete agreement of these different authorities would be indispensable for the success of the measure, seems hardly to be looked for. Even though persons should be appointed by each Province to meet and consider the arrangements it would be proper to make, and should agree upon a Report containing a draft of a bill which should be recommended to the several Legislatures, it seems to me rather to be hoped than expected that they would all concur in passing such a bill without amendment; and unless they did so, the whole labour which had been incurred would be fruitless.

In considering how this difficulty may be surmounted, it has occurred to me that the best course that could be adopted would be for the different Legislatures to pass Acts recognizing the principle of consolidating their Custom House Establishments, but which, instead of entering into details as to the arrangements to be for that purpose adopted, should give, by anticipation, the force of law to such arrangements as might be agreed upon by persons empowered to act for them in that behalf.

I purposely avoid expressing any opinion as to the manner in which the persons empowered to represent and act for the different Provinces should be appointed—whether they should be Committees from the two branches of the several Legislatures, or Commissioners named in the Acts which would require to be passed, since these are questions upon which, if the suggestions I have made should be entertained by the Legislatures, they are more able to form a judgment than myself; but I think it right to point out that in whatever manner they may be appointed the representatives of the several Provinces should meet together at Montreal, where their deliberations could be conducted with the benefit of Your Lordship's advice and assistance, and that it would be indispensable to provide in the Acts from which they would derive their authority, that no arrangements to which they might agree should come into force without the previous confirmation of her Majesty in Council.

In what manner this important subject should be brought under the consideration of the different Provincial Legislature, and how it would be expedient to submit to them the question of delegating to some central authority a portion of their constitutional powers, I must leave it to Your Lordship's judgment to determine upon the spot. I may, however, remark that should such an authority be created, its functions need not be confined to the single subject to which I have already referred. There are two other subjects at this moment requiring attention, and with regard to which the co-operation with each other of the different Provinces is highly desirable. Of these the first is that

relating to the services of the Post Office in the North American Provinces.

From the various despatches and other documents enumerated in the margin your Lordship will learn how extreme and in fact insuperable is the difficulty, of placing the affairs of the Post Office in the British portion of that continent, on any secure and convenient footing without the aid of some central body competent to arbitrate between the various Provinces, and to establish regulations extending over, and throughout them all. I especially refer to the Report of the Post-Master General to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, dated the 18th of August last, and to the letter which on the 10th of September last communicated to this Department the views of their Lordships on that report.

You will thence perceive how willing Her Majesty's Government are to abdicate the powers of the Post-Master's General in British North America in favour of any competent local authority, to be legally constituted for the purpose.—But Your Lordship will also perceive that the creation of any such authority by the separate act of any one Province, or by separate and unconnected acts of the several Provinces, is virtually impossible. We have no solicitude to retain any control over the details and management of this service, but the reverse. A body of the kind I have already described, representing and acting for all the Provinces, might make an arrangement for the future, which would relieve the Post Master General of this inappropriate function. Without such aid I do not see how he could be exempted from the duty, to which from insuperable causes his Department must always be unequal.

The other subjects to which I have referred as requiring the co-operation of the different Provinces, is that of the formation of a great line of Railway communication from the Seat of the Government of Canada to the Atlantic.

The erection of such a work would, I am persuaded, be of the greatest advantage to the whole of British America; but the difficulties to be surmounted in so vast an undertaking are of no ordinary kind, and are only likely, I think, to be overcome by the united and energetic exertions of all the Provinces. Should the delegation of authority by the different Legislatures to some central body representing them all, be assented to, I should think it highly desirable that advantage should be taken of this to arrange the mode in which the Provinces should co-operate with each other, and with Her Majesty's Government, in promoting the construction of the proposed Railway.

(Signed)

GREY.

The Right Honorable,
The Earl of Elgin, &c. &c. &c.

THE DE PRASLIN MURDER.

This horrible complication of misery fills all the English as well as French papers. Nothing was ever heard of, to be compared with it in wretchedness and horror. And the most melancholy part of it is that there seems literally no cause for it, nothing but the mad, blind, savage passion of a man, wrong and bad, from the first to the last, so far as can be made out from a perusal of the evidence; a passion, the growth of years, and the result of an artful woman's fascinations. The letters are truly heart breaking, detailing as they do the excess of a wife's love and of a wife's misery and despair; the fond and devoted affection of a mother, anxious and fearful for the possible effect of all this horror upon their position, their character, their welfare. The Chancellor, in making his report to the Court, speaks of him as the greatest criminal the world has ever heard of, and of her as the most angelic of beings. But this document is too interesting to be condensed: and, reveals a great deal that is interesting, in the proceedings for the ascertainment of the circumstances antecedent to the crime, the Chancellor reported the particulars, based chiefly upon the widow of de Praslin, the governess, which will be found in the course of this narration.

This report being read, the Court ordered De Luzzi to be sent up for trial for complicity in the murder, which the Duke, by confession, acknowledged himself guilty. This order was made on the 30th of August. A part of the proceedings of which the report of the Chancellor was based, comprised the examination of Mlle. De Luzzi, who it seems is a governess, thirty-five years of age. Her testimony will be found exceedingly interesting:—

DE LUZZI'S REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

She entered the establishment of the Duke de Praslin in the situation of governess to his daughter on the 1st March, 1841, and her income was 2000 francs, with board and lodging. She was charged with the direction of the education of the nine children of the duke and duchess from the moment of her engagement, but they were obliged to adjoin to her an under governess. Since then she was charged with the education of the three eldest daughters and a little boy. On the procureur de Rois intimating to her that information already received had apprised him that since a long period, De Luzzi had had to reproach herself with grave injuries done towards the Duchess de Praslin, had not for her that regard and deference she ought, and had sought to alienate from her the affection of her husband and that of her children, she said, "No, sir, never, never," and she goes on to relate that when she entered into the house of the Duc de Praslin, things were already on a very bad footing. The duke wished alone to direct the education of his children, and madame the duchess herself stated this to the governess. Some time after her engagement, she went to the Chateau de Vandreuil alone with the Duchess de Praslin. She then wished to take part in the lessons and in the direction of the studies of her eight children. The result was not happy, and when the Duc de Praslin knew of it, he was very much discontented; he expressed his dissatisfaction to the duchess, who abstained from being present for the future. They then established themselves as the Chateau de Praslin, where, with the exception of the meals (the governess and the family lived completely apart. She says she never sought, in this extraordinary position, to alienate the children from their mother. But there existed between the duke and duchess relations which it was not in her power to put an end to. "I, perhaps was very wrong in accepting such a position but I never voluntarily sought to injure Madame de Praslin. If sometimes I have answered her with vivacity, it is because I have been wounded myself in a cruel manner." She goes on to charge that the dissension between the Duke and Duchess, arose from the desire on the part of Madame the Duchess de Praslin to domineer over her children, and, above all her husband; and on the part of M. de Praslin a decided resistance, but accompanied by much moderation.

On being asked, the governess admitted that the Duchess de Praslin had expressed with regard to her sentiments of jealousy, which, however, (she averred,) had not the least foundation in the world. Under other circumstances her conduct was altogether agreeable. The Duchess (she averred) had never expressed feelings of jealousy of her husband in conversation with her, (the

governess,) though, adds the latter, she has of others. The witness then goes on to say:—

"It is about two years since I went with the Duc de Praslin and his daughter to one of the properties of Marshall Sebastiani, in Corsica, when there appeared in a journal a calumnious article, importing that I had eloped with the Duc de Praslin. When this article came to my knowledge I wished instantly to quit the house. Marshall Sebastiani, the father of the duchess, was the first to oppose this; he told me that to form a determination of this kind at such a moment would give force to the rumours, which would fall of themselves since they were not founded in truth. Madame de Praslin then manifested towards me much coldness and repulsion on the subject of my determination to leave, but since, these feelings had been much weakened, for I found, above all, for a year, that she was full of benevolence with regard to me. I was then perfectly thunderstruck when, about two months ago, the Abbe Gallard said to me that my presence was the cause of trouble in the house, and that I could not remain."

Farther on she says:—

"I had almost forgotten to mention to you, that in the preceding winter she had several times taken up projects for marrying her daughters, and she begged me to exert myself to make M. de Praslin enter into her views; but I have always declared to her, on the contrary, that projects of marriage in families were things too delicate for me in any manner to mix myself up with. Some have seen in the answer, which I believe to have been prudent, a pretext to perpetuate myself in the house in throwing impediments in the way of suitable marriages, for it was understood that I should quit the house when the three eldest daughters were established."

Since leaving the house, (18th of July last,) she had seen the Duc de Praslin but three times. These two children were brought her by a female servant, and she went with them to a dentist, where both had to undergo some operations. The duke then joined them, and she accompanied them in a coach to the terminus of the railroad to Corbeille. As they had some time to spare they seated themselves, and afterwards promenaded in the garden of the Luxembourg. It was the duke who made the proposition, and he said that by this means she might see the children for some time longer. It was impossible for her to fix with precision the date of this first visit. Since then the duke called a second time at the place where she was stopping on 10th August. He did not go up stairs because, as he said he was not in a decent costume to present himself. He announced a visit for the 17th. He spoke of the education of his children, which did not go on according to his ideas. He in fact brought to witness his three daughters and his little boy between half past eight and nine o'clock. Mme. Lemaire, with whom he then conversed for the first time, made known to him her intention of giving Mlle. DeLuzzi a superior situation in her house; but she said to him that, in consequence of the rumors which had been spread on the latter's account, it was indispensable that the duchess should write her a letter, ostensibly for the purpose of contradicting them. It was then agreed, that on Monday the governess should present herself to the duchess, to solicit from her this letter, and this visit was to have taken place at two o'clock in the afternoon. The Duke and his children then quitted her at about 10 o'clock on the 10th.

Witness went on to testify that she passed the night of the 17th-18th of August in her bed-chamber, being a portion of the establishment of Mme. Lemaire.

No person besides her slept in the chamber, but she (she said) was surrounded by neighbours, who could hear the least noise or the least movement that she could have made.

She went to bed on the night of the 17th of August at half past 11.

During the evening she had not had any interview with M. de Praslin, alone. She accompanied the Duc de Praslin and his children only to the door of the house.

She was apprised of the horrible event which was accomplished in the house of the Duc de Praslin, by M. Remy, professor of literature to the young ladies, who sent his servant at eight o'clock the next morning to the hotel. She went with him to his residence where she passed the day until 8 o'clock, when an agent of the police came to seek her.

On the intimation of the Procureur that very grave indications had accumulated to justify the accusation against the Duc de Praslin of having murdered his wife, she is reported to have exclaimed—"Oh, no no, gentlemen tell me that this is not so! It is impossible! He—he—who could not bear to see one of his children suffer! No—tell me that they are not serious! Tell me that it is a suspicion that will not justify itself! No, no! It is impossible." (Falling on her knees and joining her hands) "Oh, tell me this, sir, I pray you! My God! you say that to me which I cannot believe. My conscience tells me that it is not the truth. But if it is a fact, great God! it is I who would become culpable—I, who loved so much his children—I who adored them—I have been criminal—I have not known how to resign myself to my lot. I have written letters to them—letters which you may see. I said that I could no more live; that I found myself in the presence of misery, for I am a poor abandoned creature, without other resources than an old grandfather, who is severe, and who has threatened to deprive me of the little which he has put by for me. I was frightened at the future lot which might befall me. Oh! how! how wrong I have been! I should have said to them that I could have adapted myself to my situation—that I could be happy in my little chamber, and that they should forget me and love their mother. When I quitted the house I was driven to such despair that I wished to die. I had a phial of laudanum—they unhappily recalled me to life, and it is very sad for me. I had been during six years, in that house so happy in the middle of these children, who loved me, and whom I loved more than life—life was insupportable to me without them and I have said it—it is my crime—it is I who am culpable. State it, sir! Write it! He will have demanded this unhappy letter—she refused it, and then? Oh, it is I who am guilty! Write it, sir."

The Procureur here remarked to her,

"Such a state of excitement cannot apparently belong to sentiments which can exist between the children and you. Is it to these children, and to these children only that you addressed the letters of despair of which you have spoken?"—"Yes, sir, the excitement." And she went on to admit, that, finding M. de Praslin was so kind and generous towards her, a deep feeling of affection for the father was added to the affection which she felt for the children; but never (said she,) "never did I carry into that house either trouble or adultery. I would not have done so on no account, from respect for the children. Is it that you cannot comprehend that we can love honourably?" The examiner then asked her if this sentiment of tenderness was shared by M. Praslin? No, said she; "M. de Praslin had for me no excitement of tenderness—but the children were then in ill-health—the mother treated them roughly."

But (continued the officer of justice) if we are led to think that M. de Praslin is the author of the crime, can we ever be made to believe that he committed it, to protect his children against the bad treatment of their mother!—No, sir, (said De Luzzi) that would not be the motive; what excited him beyond himself, was the fear of a process of separation, with which the duchess was without ceasing menacing him. He saw in that, a great misfortune for his children, the ruin of their fortune, and he was disposed to do all that was possible to avoid it. He had been informed of their process by M. Riant, notary, who also informed me of it. The Abbe Gallard also mentioned it to me, and the Duc de Praslin prayed me to submit to everything from madame, which I promised to him, and I would have made every sacrifice. When what has since taken place occurred, I had not the courage to meet it, and I demanded that unhappy letter which must have ruined all, because Mme. Lemaire did not find the letter of the 19th sufficient, which you ought to have among the papers seized at my residence." Here the Procureur said he was still very far from the result of their first answers, as to the nature of the sentiment which alienated the witness from Mad. Praslin. It is no longer jealous suspicions, dissipated as quickly as they arise, and which would have left behind them no resentment. On the contrary, it touches on the most serious troubles which can be carried into a residence, since from it was to result a project of judicial separation. Your departure was not the result of a first manifestation of jealousy. You were sustained by the husband against the wife, and it was necessary to call for the intervention of the marshal." To these suggestions the witness replied thus:—"These resentments were manifested but at the last moment, and I was ignorant as the degree of weight to attach to them. M. de Praslin never manifested towards me any feeling other than friendship and esteem, and I protest, to use the word, that he has never been my lover." The examiner then remarked:—

"You have quitted the house a month; during that interval letters have passed which you acknowledge that you had the culpability of writing. In this interval, too, are to be placed several visits which M. de Praslin made to you—three at least. Yesterday evening (the evening of the night of the murder,) you were invited to present yourself at the house to demand a letter from the duchess, and it was yesterday morning that the duchess perished by assassination. To all this she could but persist in her preceding answers. Nothing criminal had passed between M. de Praslin and herself, and for the future there was no project of anything criminal. Should Madame de Praslin naturally have died, and M. D. Praslin have offered her his hand for the interest of his children, she would never have consented to a mesalliance of which the consequences would have fallen upon them. No more should she have had an idea of any other connection. If M. de Praslin had loved her, (she said,) she might have sacrificed her reputation—her life; but she should not have wished it to cost a hair of her head to his wife. And she then said—"I say the truth. You ought to believe me, gentlemen. Is there not in nature an accent which carries with it conviction?"

[The commencements of four letters were then shown to her, and she acknowledged them hers.]

DE LUZZI'S SECOND EXAMINATION.

Her second examination took place before the Court of Peers. Having stated that the governess who preceded her had informed her that differences frequently existed between the duke and duchess, and cautioned her to use the utmost circumspection, she said, that during a long time there was no necessity for it, for she lived with her children apart in the house. She observed nothing.

When the children began to grow up, the father had much more intercourse with them, and of course, and necessarily, with the governess; because she was always with them. Madame de Praslin kept herself aloof, because she went much into society in Paris, and lived with her father; and in the country she kept very much to herself in her own apartment.—She even had her meals served apart frequently.—Arising from some circumstances between herself and M. de Praslin with which she was unacquainted. She said she frequently endeavored to come to an understanding with Madame de Praslin on the subject, but she would never acquaint her with her intentions respecting her children. She told her that she did not approve of the directions given by M. de Praslin as to their studies and education; but she had promised to leave to him entirely the direction of the children until their education was finished.—She never put a question to the governess (the latter testified,) with respect to the moral or intellectual qualifications of any of her daughters. She never gave the slightest instruction concerning them upon any subject whatever, except it might be upon the details of their toilette. She never tried to attract her children to her; she very rarely spoke to them. They were very much afraid of their mother, but they were always submissive and respectful to her, said the governess, who then went on to give her opinion at length that the Duchess was jealous of the love the Duke had for the children! And the Chancellor remarked:—

In what you have been saying, you evidently endeavor to throw the whole blame upon Madame de Praslin; but surely that deplorable calamity which has terminated her life, ought to render you more circumspect in your judgment of her. From the way in which you speak, there is reason to suspect that you did not do what you were bound to do, to put an end to a state of things so deplorable, and to bring back to the mother the affections of her children, upon which she had so many claims—of those children over whom you exercised an almost absolute control. The evidence of that control is given under their hand, and under your own. There is reason to believe, then, that you have been far from conducting yourself, under these unhappy circumstances, as you ought to have done."

To which the governess thus replied:—

"I wish, above all things, that no one should accuse me of want of respect for the memory of Madame de Praslin; but you demand the truth of me, and I wish to tell you the whole truth. I do not blame her heart, or her sentiments, but her character, at times irritable and difficult, which rendered her incapable of bringing up so many children, differing so completely in age, intelligence, and character. She wanted altogether that abandonment in her tenderness for them—that ease which gains the heart of youth.—Irritable in little things, when there was necessity for indulgence; she showed herself, on the other hand, as if in compensation for this fruitless rigour; too weak when circumstances would have required the severity of a mother. These were the reasons that induced M. de Praslin to insist on an education, completely apart: but, unhappily, his apathetic habits and the pleasure which he found in the society of his fair daughters induced him to relax, little by little, so far as he was concerned, in this system of separation. This irritated Madame de Praslin, for hitherto she submitted, without any apparent difficulty, to the established order of things. From the time of my entrance into the house, she told me that things would

go on so, and that she should abstain from interference until her daughters came out."

Chanc.—"It would appear from what you say that the whole of the authority which Madame de Praslin had lost over her children, you had acquired. It was your duty to have prevented such a result which involves you in a great measure in the lamentable consequences which have followed."

De Luzzi.—"I have never said I shall wean from this mother the affections of her children, and engross them myself. But I loved them, and devoted myself to them. Their pleasures were my pleasures—their troubles my troubles. For six years, night and day, I watched over them. These children loved me with all the ardour of their age; and I felt for them all the affection which one can feel at mine. I was without family—without friends. All my sentiments were concentrated upon duties that were at once easy and agreeable."

Chanc.—"Did there not come a moment when you perceived that you were a cause of dissension between M. and Madame de Praslin; and did you do what was in your power to put an end to such a state of things?"

De L.—"As to that, I at first thought it a matter of very little consequence, on account of the facility with which I saw Madame de Praslin receiving the same impressions with respect to others who came in contact with her husband. More lately, when these circumstances appeared, I had a clear and straightforward explanation with her. She then seemed to regard this susceptibility as a great excess of *amour propre* on my part, looking to the secondary position which I occupied, both with respect to her and M. de Praslin. Hurt at finding myself rebuffed in a course which I believed honorable, I refrained from recurring to the subject. As to the children, I say again, could not a mother win them back had she been so disposed?"

Chanc.—"In your answers to the questions put to you, the whole blame is thrown upon the Duchess de Praslin. It is very distressing to hear such language from your mouth, particularly to those who have heard the letters which have been read, and who are aware of the provision of a pension made to you as the reward of your services in her family."

De L.—"I have endeavored to make my explanations as clear as possible. As to that which is personal to myself, the conduct of Madame de Praslin has been towards me, as it has been towards those whom she knew, and even whom she loved best, very unequal, and often incomprehensible. I have often had much to endure in my *amour propre*, in all my feelings. At other times have been treated by her with the greatest interest and affection. Frequently, an hour after she had bitterly reproached me with the influence which I exercised in her family, she would send for me to avail herself of that very influence in forwarding some design or desire which she entertained. Often after some cruel injury, she would make me a rich present, and even in the last days of my sojourn in the house, when, having refused to meet me at table, I appeared in the eyes of the whole house to be rather dismissed than honorably parted with, Madame de Praslin having met me by chance, suddenly manifested the greatest kindness, as in the most amicable time, and even sent me some books to distract my attention," proofs (she admitted) of kindness, but such kindness as is itself only a proof that her displeasure resulted from the irritation of a character of which she was not mistress, rather than from what she believed to be serious faults. The examiner then asked if she did not by her letters to M. de Praslin and his children after leaving the house, endeavor to keep alive that irritation, which she answered in the negative.

After some further observations, the Chancellor observed, at the end of every answer you utter a reproach on Madame de Praslin. Mdlle. de Luzzi, weeping, replied; I wish I could not have said that which I have been obliged to say. She is dead. I wish I could purchase her life at the price of my own—yes, at the price of my own: not only at the price of my own life, but of the most horrible tortures!—Who has witnessed, as I have, during six years, every fold of her existence, every minute detail of her life! Who can appreciate, as I can, the extraordinary incomprehensible versatility which enabled Madame de Praslin to pass from wrath to gaiety, from disdain to gentleness, from bitterness to kindness? I assure you that I feel my part most distressing. Oh! never, except before you—never would I have proffered other words than those of respect, of veneration, and of regret. I am not defending myself; I am only endeavoring to answer clearly.

Chanc.—"When M. de Praslin quitted you, did you remark any particular excitement in his manner?"

De L.—"No; he appeared calm."

Chanc.—"Have you ever heard out of the mouth of M. de Praslin anything that would lead you to think that he meditated such desperate extremities?"

De L.—"By everything I hold most sacred in the world, never, never. I do not know if I am permitted to detail some facts which I alone know, and which prove that the violence was not on the side of M. de Praslin. I have frequently heard Madame de Praslin threaten to put an end to her days. Once at Vaudeuil she attempted to do so, and in disarming her, M. de Praslin received a wound in the hand; another time at Dieppe, at the end of an explanation between herself and her husband, of which I was not witness, but which I and the children overheard in the chamber in which we were, she rushed into the street, threatening to throw herself into the sea, and by that strange inconsistency of character, which I have already noticed, M. de Praslin found her at midnight in a shop making purchases, and perfectly calm. Always upon these occasions, multiplied as they were, M. de Praslin was calm, impassible, and full of sweetness."

After some further evidence with respect to a contemplated separation between M. and Madame de Praslin, and the circumstances immediately connected with his leaving the house, the examination of Mademoiselle de Luzzi terminated.

The medical testimony relative to what took place on the 18th, (the day after the assassination,) between the physician, the Duke, it will remembered, took poison, is given at length. It all goes to establish the fact that poison was the cause of the Duke's death.

THE MURDERER'S TORTURE.

The English papers comment with great severity on the law of France, as illustrated by the proceedings of the Chamber of Peers, and contend that nothing can be more repugnant to the interests of truth, which are identical with the interests of justice, than to assume the fact, the proofs of which justice demands, and to assume these facts for the very purpose of extorting from a confused and alarmed accused party the semblance of decisive proofs. One of the papers remarks—

"The law which permits such a torture to be inflicted upon the guilty authorises its infliction upon the innocent; and in the case of guilt, so manifest as that of Praslin, the disgusting exhibition was less justifiable, be-

cause the President must have known that the evidence which had convinced him would convince others."

We give, entire, the examination alluded to. It was conducted before the Court of Peers, by the Chancellor, on the 21st ult.

"You are aware of the frightful crime that is imputed to you. You know all the circumstances which have come under your own eyes, and which do not allow of a shadow of doubt. I recommend you to shorten the fatigue which seems to oppress you by making a confession, for it is impossible for you to deny; you cannot dare to deny." "The question is very definite, but I have not sufficient strength to answer. It would require long explanation."

"You say it would require long explanation; but, on the contrary, a 'yes' or a 'no' is sufficient. It requires no great strength of mind to reply that; 'yes' or 'no.'" "It requires immense strength, which I do not possess."

"There is no necessity of entering into long explanations to reply to the question which I have just put to you." "I repeat that it requires great strength of mind, which I do not possess."

"At what hour did you part with your children on the evening the crime was committed?" "It might be half past 10 or a quarter to 11."

"What did you do when you left them?" "I went down to my chamber and went to bed immediately."

Did you sleep?—Yes (sighing.)

To what hour?—I don't recollect.

Was your resolution formed when you went to bed?—No; but I don't know if it can be called a resolution.

What was your first thoughts upon awaking?—I think I was awake by cries in the house. I immediately hastened to the chamber of Madame de Praslin.

(The accused here added, sighing, I beg of you to spare my life, and to stop this interrogation.)

When you entered the chamber of Madame de Praslin, you could not be ignorant that all the entrances about you were closed, and that you alone could enter?—I was ignorant of that.

You have frequently, in the course of this morning gone into the chamber of Madame de Praslin. Was she in bed the first time you entered?—No; she was unfortunately stretched upon the floor.

Was she not stretched upon the spot where you had struck her for the last time?—Why do you put such question to me?

Because you have not answered me at all. Whence came these scratches which I see upon your hands?—They happened yesterday evening, when about to leave Praslin, when making up some parcels with Madame de Praslin.

And the bite upon your thumb, how did that happen?—It is not a bite.

The doctors who have visited you declare that it is. Spare me, I am exceedingly weak.

You must have experienced a most distressing moment, when you saw, upon entering your chamber, that you were covered with the blood which you had just shed, and which you were obliged to wash off!—Those marks of blood have been altogether misinterpreted. I did not wish to appear before my children, with the blood of their mother upon me.

You are very wretched to have committed this crime? (The accused makes no answer, but appears absorbed.)

Have you not received bad advice which impelled you to this crime?—I have received no advice. People do not give advice on such a subject.

Are you not devoured with remorse, and would it not be sort of solace to you to have told the truth?—Strength completely fails me to-day.

You are constantly talking of your weakness. I have just now asked you to answer me simply "yes" or "no"?—If anybody would feel my pulse, he might judge of my weakness.

Yet you have just now had sufficient strength to answer a great many questions in details. You have not wanted strength for that. (The accused makes no reply.)

Your silence answers for you that you are guilty.—You have come here with the conviction that I am guilty, and I cannot change it.

You can change it if you give us any reason to believe the contrary: if you will give any explanation of appearances that are inexplicable upon any other supposition than that of your guilt.—I do not believe I can change that conviction on your mind.

Why do you believe that you cannot change that conviction?

(The accused, after a short silence, said that he had not strength to continue.)

When you committed this frightful crime did you think of your children?—As to the crime, I have not committed it; as to my children they are the subject of my constant thoughts.

Do you venture to affirm that you have not committed this crime?

The accused, putting his head between his hands remained silent for some moments, and then said, "I cannot answer such a question."

The Chancellor then intimated to the prisoner that he must consider himself under arrest, and the examination terminated.

We agree with the Morning Chronicle, most fully that "it is no apology for this disgusting exhibition of moral torture to say that the Duc de Praslin was guilty."

But before his horrible death the wretched murderer has made, (it seems by the "Moniteur," a partial confession to the Duke Decazes, Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, which he (the Duke Decazes) communicated to the Court of Peers at the sitting of the 30th ult., which we append. It is to be greatly deplored that the promised conclusion of this confession was not made.

THE MURDERERS' CONFESSION.

"On Tuesday morning," said the Duke Decazes, "at the request of the family, and to accomplished what I considered a duty, I waited on the accused in his prison. The Duke de Praslin having complained of excruciating sufferings, I observed to him that he must have anticipated those sufferings, since they were the result of the poison he had taken, and that the physicians, being ignorant of the nature of the poison, had hesitated to prescribe for him, when they were informed that two phials of laudanum nearly empty had been discovered in his desk. The prisoner replied that he had not taken laudanum." In answer to a second question, he said "he had swallowed arsenic, which the small bottle found in his 'robe de chambre on Friday had contained." (I then asked him how he had procured the poison. He assured me that "nobody had given it to him," and that "he brought it, on the eve of the crime, from Praslin,—He moreover protested with warmth against the supposition that he had intended it to poison the Duchess."

"He added, that he had swallowed that poison on the day of the crime, at the moment when he perceived, by the measures adopted with regard to him that he was seriously suspected." His suicide, in the face of such an accusation, was a confession. Having remarked this to him, he remained silent, but he denied with considerable vivacity having confided to any person the project of his crime; and, as his explanations were interrupted by moans caused by pains he experienced. I asked him if the sufferings of his mind were not still more poignant than those of his body, and if they did not inspire him with a desire to allay them by the expression of the repentance he must feel in his heart; adding that his family was inclined to believe that he must have committed so barbarous a crime in a paroxysm of furious insanity, which he had no doubt bitterly deplored.

"The unhappy man, raising his eyes and hands towards heaven, then exclaimed in a broken but strong voice, 'Oh, I do deplore it!' I next took occasion to say that, in that supreme moment—in order to satisfy both the justice of God and man, it was desirable that the expression of his repentance should be as public as his crime, and that a full confession should explain, at least, if it were possible, the delirium under which he acted. I offered, if he were disposed to make that confession, to send for the Grand Chancellor, or to write it down and certify it myself. These last words, which he listened to with a lively emotion, seemed to excite a struggle in his breast; and, after a moment of hesitation, he replied, 'I am too fatigued—too suffering, at present. Tell the Chancellor that I request him to come to-morrow.'

"The disturbed state of mind of the accused was too visible, and his suffering condition too serious, to permit the prolongation of our conversation. The physicians, besides, had just declared that it was urgently necessary to offer to the patient the last consolations of religion. The family having made choice of no clergyman, in the absence of the venerable parish priest of St Sulpice, the Chancellor entrusted that mission to the parish priest of St. Jacques de Haut Pas. The court is aware that, after the pious ceremony, which appeared to have restored a little strength and calm to the accused, the Chancellor offered once more, but in vain, to receive the declaration he had manifested a willingness to make."

"We are obliged to condense the evidence given by some of the household of the Duke de Praslin.

EVIDENCE OF THE DUKE'S HOUSEHOLD.

Augustus Charpentier, aged 27, valet de chambre and maitre de hotel, since the 4th of January last, said it was not long after he came that he perceived, as well as the other domestics, that a good understanding did not exist between the duke and duchess. M. Merville, valet de chambre in the service of the Duchess d'Orleans, who had previously lived for many years in the Praslin family, and who lived with his wife in the Hotel Praslin, stated that the duke and duchess lived on good terms until Mlle. de Luzzi entered the family, when she alienated the affections of the duke and the children from the duchess. This fact, he added, was notorious to all persons admitted in the family.

The wife of the preceding witness, who had been in the service of the mother of the duchess, and had ever since been attached to the person of the duchess, also stated that the duke and his wife appeared to live on good terms until Mlle. de Luzzi entered the family. Previous to that, the duchess had sometimes wept at the duke's warmth of temper, and at his thwarting her; but he never ill-treated her. When, however, Mlle. de Luzzi came, things became much more painful and serious to the duchess. It was a matter of notoriety to the domestic that attempts were made to separate the children from her, and to deprive her of their affection. The duchess never complained to the witness, but she often wept when she was alone, and her pocket handkerchiefs were constantly found wet with tears. The general opinion was that the duke had an adulterous connexion with Mlle. de Luzzi. Two months ago Marshal Sebastiani learned that the duchess was not happy, and a violent explanation took place in the family circle. The duke and duchess then ceased, as already stated, to dine with the marshal; the former taking his meals with his children, the latter alone. Mlle. de Luzzi could not bear the sight of the girl Josephine after she learned that she had allowed the duchess to sleep in her room, in order to be near her sick child, who was under her (the duchess's) care.

Emma Marguerite Bourset Le Claire, aged 30, "femme de chambre in the service of the Duchess de Praslin, was examined by the Procureur de Roi, and her testimony is very interesting. She had, for seven months, belonged to the household, especially attached as femme de chambre to the service of the duchess. As soon as she entered the service, she perceived that this lady was goodness itself, but on the contrary, that she suffered the most cruel annoyances. Mlle. de Luzzi, the governess of her children, had alienated from her the heart of her husband as well as the hearts of her children. The duchess never complained, but witness had often found her by surprise shedding tears on her table.—[She then goes on to testify to the same facts, as to the illness of the child, the anger of the Duchess, and the departure of De Luzzi from the establishment, as given above. But the following details are exceedingly full of interest.]

THE FATAL NIGHT.

On the night of the murder, the witness says that she entered into the duchess's chamber at about eleven o'clock, for the last time:—

"The Duchess was in bed and reading. There was a wax candle upon the night table and another in a different part of the chamber near the door of the boudoir. Madame said she had lighted that candle because she believed that I would not return. I said to her that if I put out that candle, which would [not] burn all night, I would, if she pleased, replace it by an old lamp in yellow copper, which I did, and placed the lamp in the fire-place, as I was accustomed to do, as madame never went to bed without a light. Auguste Charpentier had prepared this lamp, and had placed it on a table in the little ante-chamber separating the toilet of the duchess from the apartment of the duke, and I am confident of having fastened, with the aid of a bar of iron, the door to the stairs leading into the garden. Madame always observed whether this door and this window were fastened, and it happened sometimes that she herself placed the bar of iron when it was neglected to be fastened. Madame, when I quitted her, desired me to be with her on the morrow morning at six o'clock, as she had many things to do during the only day that she would pass at Paris, for it was intended that we should depart the day after for the baths at Dieppe. I observed that during my absence madame had eaten the remainder of the bread, and the tray and half the bottle of syrup were on the table of which I have spoken, and she had placed the bottle of water upon her night table. In going from the toilet of madame I met the duke in the ante-chamber, going towards the apartment with something under his arm. I did not speak to him. I then fastened the second door of the ante-chamber, which is near the fountain, but the other will not shut at all, and I placed the key in a spot at the side of the chamber, where a stranger would not be able to see it.

The fastening of this door was the only fastening to the bedchamber of the duchess, for the door of her toilet, and the two doors communicating with the ante-room were never fastened. The second door of this chamber might certainly be fastened with the aid of a key on the inside, but the duchess was not in the habit of doing so at night. She might do so during the day when she was dressing or was writing. I have not remarked that the lock was in such a state that this door could not be fastened. I am certain that it was in its proper state six weeks ago, that is, two or three days before we went to the country. After having done as I describe, I retired to my chamber, placed in the 'entre sol' above the boudoir of madame. I was yet in a deep sleep, when I was awakened by two strong ringings of the bell, and at the same time I heard the duchess give utterance to frightful cries. I instantly got out of bed and rapidly put on my stockings and gown, which I fastened as I went down stairs. I met Auguste when I went down. I arrived at the same time as Auguste at the door of the ante-chamber at the bottom of the stairs, for he also had heard the noise of the bell, and the cries. Auguste took the key to open the door, but when he endeavored to do so it resisted his attempts, and he then perceived that it was fastened by a lock on the inside. Auguste and myself then went round by the grand hall, and on arriving together at the door communicating with the bed-chamber we found it fastened by an interior key, and we found it impossible to open it, notwithstanding every effort to force it. The cries had then ceased, and there was the silence of death. We then went in the garden by the descent to the grand hall. Auguste tried the blinds of the bed-chamber and of the boudoir, but they were fastened. We then proceeded through the garden to the extremity of the boudoir, and from thence we perceived the door leading into the place called the wooden staircase, open; this leads to the ante-chamber separating the apartments of the duke and the duchess. We proceeded by this way to the dressing-room, of which we found the door perfectly open. Auguste then proceeded to the entry of the bed-chamber of madame, but we withdrew instantly, saying, "Some misfortune has happened. I perceive a smell of gunpowder." These words very much frightened me, and I completely lost my senses. We dared not enter into the chamber; and we withdrew through the garden and the grand saloon to procure assistance. It was very dark in the dressing-room, of which the shutters were hermetically fastened, though it was daylight outside. I did not see any person in the garden, and I went to Madame Merville, the laundress of madame, and who had been in the service of her family for forty years. M. Merville went with Charpentier, but I remained in the court yard with Madame Merville. They introduced themselves by the ante-chamber of the dressing room into the chamber of the duchess, where they found her assassinated. They returned to us to inform us of this frightful circumstance. I ran to the porter to tell him to go and seek a surgeon. I believe that they then returned to the chamber of madame, but I am ignorant of what passed, as I remained in the courtyard. I did not go into the chamber of the duchess until after the body had been covered by a sheet, and when the commissaire de police had arrived. Every night they took care to fasten the windows at the inside, and of the doors at the back of the house, with the aid of bars of iron, and to each shutter a bell was fastened. The valet de chambre attached to the personal service of the duchess was very careful to place the bars of iron and the bells in their proper position.

Briffard, a servant of the Duc, corroborated many points in the testimony of his fellows of the household, as to the Praslin troubles, the notorious adulterous connection between the Duc and the governess, the distress of the Duchess, &c. But his wife, who had also been a servant there for the same time, supplies an important link in the chain of circumstances. We have had the evidence of the woman who saw the Duchess last:—Mad. Briffard says:—

THE MORNING AFTER.

"My husband came alone that night to the hotel, on the arrival of the duchess; that might be about half-past nine at night—the duke arrived at about 10 o'clock. On the morrow morning, about five o'clock, I was in bed with my husband, when Madame Le Claire struck strongly at the windows of our apartment. My husband instantly jumped out of bed and opened the door. Madame entered in a great fright, and said, "Quick, quick; get up, the duchess has twice pulled her bell very rapidly, and with great violence. I have gone to her door and attempted to open it, but it is locked inside. I heard piercing cries in her apartment, followed by silence. I fear that some misfortune has happened, or that Madame has had a nervous attack." I followed Madame Le Claire, putting on my gown in the courtyard, and we then met M. Merville and Auguste, who said that the duchess had been assassinated. Madame Merville was sitting upon a step weeping and saying "All was lost." I answered, "Quick, quick, Madame Merville, she perhaps is not dead," and I hastened towards the hotel. I arrived in the grand hall, and ran to the door of communication between that and the bed-room. I seized the handle to open the door, and the same moment I heard the bolt drawn inside the door. The door then opened, and the duke presented himself before me, holding in his hand a lighted candle. He said, "What is it here?—what is it here? I have heard piercing cries uttered!" I answered him, "It is said the duchess is desperately ill." I entered into the chamber, which was dark, being lighted only by a single wax candle. I directed my sight towards the bed of madame, but I did not see her there; but on looking to the side of the room towards the chimney, I perceived the duchess on the ground, her head only supported on the sofa. Her head, her neck, and the upper part of her body, as well as her chemise, were covered with blood, and it was impossible to recognise her figure. I ran to her—the duchess yet breathed; the duke then said, "Ah, poor woman, poor woman, which is the monster who has assassinated her?" The duke then put the candle on the table, and went out. Madame Merville entered as well as my husband and another person. Nearly every one immediately went out to seek for medical assistance. I found myself alone with Madame Merville, whom I requested to go and seek for water, to wash the figure of the duchess, who yet breathed. I placed her head upon my arm, and thus sustained it until the return of Madame Merville, who had gone into the dressing-room to seek for some water. I washed her head, and the only wound which I perceived was on her neck. Soon after I perceived others at the top and back part of the head, which were horrible to look at. I told Madame Merville to go and seek for some vinegar, and I remained alone for an instant. Madame Merville returned with the vinegar, and the duchess yielded the last sigh in my arms. At the moment when M. Canuet entered into the chamber I requested him to bleed madame, but he answered it was too late, and in a moment afterwards the duke returned and placed his hand upon the shoulder of the duchess, saying, "Ah, poor woman, poor woman, who is the monster who has done this?" He perceived the bloody night cap in the chimney place, and said, "Oh, how horrible! how horrible!" He then threw himself on the bed, and afterwards in a corner near the door of

the saloon, he appeared desperate, and tore his hair, saying, "Poor children, who will apprise them of this? they have no longer a mother! Poor Marshal, who will inform him of this?" This scene lasted for a time which I cannot describe, but several persons successively arrived, and at last Gen. Sebastiani, who interrogated me upon this event. I then retired to my apartment, and saw no more. In viewing this great crime my opinion was that it had been committed by that horrible woman who had been governess to the children. I believed her to have been yet even in some cabinet, and that she was about to appear."

We now proceed to condense the contents of two two important documents, as necessary to a full understanding of the horrible affair in all its details.

THE MAGISTRATE'S PROCES VERBAL.

The first is the "proces verbal" of the examining magistrate, immediately after the murder of the duchess. After describing the position of the body, the state of the room, the marks of blood in different places, and on the bell-pull, the finding of a loaded horse-pistol belonging to the duke, and other circumstances which have already been fully and correctly related to the public, the "proces verbal" goes on to state that, having discovered traces of blood from the chamber of the duchess to that of the duke, and on his dress, the officers of justice felt it to be their duty to question him on that point. The duke exclaimed these remarks by stating that he had got blood upon them and upon his hands, by touching the body when he rushed into the room on the alarm that was raised. A frock coat, on which there were marks of blood, and to which water had been applied to efface them having been noticed, the duke said he attempted to wash out the marks, and had thrown the water, in which he had also washed his hands, out of the window, into the garden, but no appearance of such water having been thrown out was found. The trousers worn by the duke being also found spotted with blood, he was requested to change them and give them up, which he did. There were also marks of blood on the breast and sleeves of his shirt, which he attempted to wash out, and it was still wet, but the duke said that the wet was the result of perspiration. A pair of slippers, also spotted with blood, were found. On searching the duke's room, there were found three napkins, more or less wet and stained with blood, and a cambric handkerchief in the same state, and a shirt which the duke said he had changed the night before at half past 11, with two drops of blood on it. Lastly, there were found a waistcoat, a cap, and a cettiture stained with blood. All these articles were seized, and placed under seal. In the fireplace of his room were found the ashes of papers, and articles of woollen or linen which had recently been burnt, for the remains were still warm. Amongst the ashes were the remains of a silk pocket handkerchief, which the duke acknowledged to be his, and which he said had taken fire by accident, when he threw a lighted match which he had been using into the fire place. On the chimney-piece was found a paper containing a small quantity of gunpowder, and a knife with several blades, on the back of which was a drop of blood; in a cartonnier, over a chest of drawers, a box containing gunpowder and three balls; and in a secretary in the study a poinard and its sheath, and a pair of loaded pocket-pistols. All these articles were seized, and placed under seal."

THE DUKE'S STATEMENT BEFORE TAKING THE POISON.

The second document is the first circumstantial declaration of the Duke himself, as to the murder of the Duchess, on the morning after the commission of that horrid crime. He said:—

That his wife and he reached Paris at a quarter past eight in the evening, by the Corbeil railway. She entered a cab with her sons and her tutor, and he entered another with his daughters and youngest son, and arrived home at a quarter past ten, after having both made visits in Paris. Madame de Praslin must have made several. He went with his daughters to see their former governess, Mlle. de Luzy. He says he did not see the duchess on arriving; she had already entered her apartments. He immediately entered his bedroom, after having conducted his daughters to their apartment, situated on the second story of the hotel. He went to bed, and immediately after fell asleep, without having required the assistance of a valet de chambre, which he was not accustomed to employ. The next morning, at an hour when the day was beginning to break, he was awakened by confused cries; but as cries are often heard in the Champs Elysees, he was not frightened, and he even did not get up immediately. A moment after he heard steps of going and coming in the garden. He then left his bed, put on his dressing-gown, and went towards the chamber of Mme. de Praslin. On arriving at the third door of his chamber, which is at the bottom of the steps of the little corridor which precedes it, he heard confused cries; he believed there was a cry of murder; and without going further, he reentered his chamber. He entered his study, and took from his table a loaded pistol. He then descended to the chamber of Mme. de Praslin, which he entered after traversing her dressing-room. Obscurity and profound silence prevailed. He called her by her name of Fanny, but she did not answer him. He then left the dressing room, and lighted a wax candle with lucifer matches, which, as usual, were under the clock in that room. He then entered the chamber of the duchess alone, and found her seated on the ground, her head supported on a sofa placed between the fireplace and window. He says he went to her; her face was covered with blood, which flowed abundantly from wounds on the head and on the neck.

The idea of calling his domestics did not occur to him; besides he had not time to do so, for he had hardly time to raise the head of the duchess, and to render her some assistance before he heard knocking at the door of her chamber which communicates with the saloon. He went to open the lock which fastened the door of it in the interior, and there found the persons whom he just designated. It was whilst endeavoring to render assistance to the duchess that he became stained with blood. After the entrance of these persons, he talked with them for about 20 minutes or half an hour. He several times touched the body of Madame de Praslin, and at last, as he was distracted he re-entered his chamber, where he first washed his hands, and it was not until later that he endeavored to remove with water the blood which he had on the breast, on the left side of his dressing gown, in order not to frighten his children, to whom he was about to go to communicate to them the misfortune which had just deprived them of their mother. The courage to tell them failed him. Very shortly after General Sebastiani, uncle of the duchess, arrived, and he was there when the commissary of police came. The Duke said that his own first care had been to recommend that the commissary of police and a doctor should be sent for.

After some cross examination as to doors, windows, &c., the Procureur de Roi, asked the duke how it happened that the remains of a pocket handkerchief, which had served him as a night cap, and which had been consumed, were found in his fire-place. He answered, that he took this pocket handkerchief from one of his drawers to cover his head to sleep in; at the moment of entering his bed, he found his handkerchief to be in a very bad

state, and he threw it in the fire-place, in which was a large quantity of paper. It was that morning that these objects took fire at the moment at which he threw a match which he had lighted for he knew not what purpose into the fire-place.

The examining officer then goes on to say that he caused it to be observed to the duke that, at the moment at which he re-entered his chamber, after having passed at least half an hour in that of the duchess, he could have no need of a light to find his way to his chamber, and to wash himself; that, moreover, there was a handkerchief on the night table prepared, and which did not seem to have been used since it had been washed, and we asked him to give us explanations on those two circumstances. To this the duke is reported to have replied that he could not explain how it happened that he had desired to have a light, or for what use he had the light; that he felt that this want of explanation might give rise to a grave charge in presence of the burned paper and handkerchief thrown by him in the fire-place the previous evening; that the second handkerchief found on the night-table, and which had not served, had been prepared in advance, either by his *valet de chambre*, or by the wife of the porter, or some other woman of the house; that he did not perceive it when he was about to go to bed, and that it was on that account that he had taken the torn and burnt handkerchief from a drawer; that he had not taken another, and had slept, according to the usual custom, without a *fichu de nuit*; that as to the movement which led him to throw the handkerchief which was in a bad state into the fire-place, and not to have another, it could be explained to those who knew him by his character, but that it was impossible for him to give more precise explanations.

He was then asked to what cause he could attribute the assassination of the duchess, and if that lady had, either in the house or elsewhere, enemies of a nature to cause the commission of so great a crime? He replied that he did not know any enemies of the duchess, and that he could only explain the horrible crime committed on her person by the circumstance that it was desired to commit a robbery in the hotel; that the malefactors were perhaps ignorant of the return of Madame de Praslin and himself from the country, where they had been for a month, and they were consequently surprised to find the duchess in her chamber, and then assassinated her.

Being asked whence came the green cord which was found passed through his braces when he undressed, and for what cause he had that cord? He replied that the cord was that of a powder-flask or a shot-bag, but that he could not say how it happened that the cord was found on him when he undressed. [This fatal cord was seized by the officers of justice.] The *proces verbal* says that the duke was next asked whence came five pieces of cord, of which three were untwined, and a piece of white cord about 10 centimetres long and stained with blood, which were found in the pocket of the dressing gown which he wore that morning? The Duke to this replied that these pieces of cord were found in his dressing gown; but that he knew not how they came there; and that if the piece of white cord were stained with blood, it was because he had put his bloody hand into his pocket. On the remark of the officers that in entering the chamber of Madame de Praslin, there was found a pistol primed on the table before the window; that there were several spots of blood on the barrel and the ramrod, that at the butt-end some hair adhered to the blood, and that there was also a little piece of skin or flesh; that that must have been the pistol which he took on quitting his chamber, and we requested him to give explanations as to these circumstances, which appeared to us to raise the gravest charges against him as the author of the assassination committed on the person of the Duchess de Praslin, the Duke is reported to have bent down his head, and held it in his hands, whilst the Procureur du Roi addressed him in strong terms, enjoining him to explain himself with the sincerity which became his position and his name. He at length said, "If my attention had not been distracted by the exhortation of the Procureur du Roi, I should have replied to you that I deny that the pistol found in the chamber of Madame de Praslin is that with which I armed myself this morning to go to her assistance; but I deny formally to have struck her with this weapon or with any other weapon; as to the adhesion of the hair and skin to the butt-end of the pistol, if that circumstance really exists, it is impossible for me to explain it." And this was signed by the Duc, thus:—"Praslin."

An addition to the preceding *proces verbaux* sets forth that there had also been seized a yataghan sabre ornamented with silver, which was found in a chest of drawers in the bed chamber of the Duke de Praslin; there had likewise been seized a hunting-knife, mounted in copper, which was behind the cushion of a sofa situated between the fire-place and a cheffonier; and there was next seized a book published by Chaix, called "Guide Officiel des Voyageurs," found on the chimney-piece of the bed-room, on the cover of which was a spot of blood. This document also states that the Duke de Praslin was asked if he would accompany the magistrates to the bed chamber of the Duchess, where the corpse was then lying; but he begged to be excused from the cruel visit, and this request was complied with.

THE DUCHESS'S DIARY.

The following are extracts from a diary, with a lock to it, found in the chamber of the duchess at the Chateau de Praslin. On the first leaf the following words are written:

"For my husband, the Duke of Praslin, (for him alone.)"

"Jan. 13, 1842.—Twice have the pages of this book been covered with the outpourings of a broken spirit. I burnt them in a moment of despair, to efface all marks of my sufferings, and only show you my happy thoughts at your return. Two years have passed, and my hopes are destroyed for ever; but I feel the want of expressing to you all the tenderness and love I have felt for you."

"You have taken my children from me. My children! Do you think me capable of corrupting them? I loved you too well not to love my children, and you have now taken them from me, to place them under the care of a giddy young person, without any religion, and whom you only know from an eight months' acquaintance."

"I have been calumniated, and perhaps you think me guilty, otherwise you would never have deprived me of my children, to place them under the care of a stranger, who has usurped my place in your house, and yet before God I swear I never loved any one but you."

"April 23.—It is now some time since I have written, and my position is now far worse than it was. Mlle. D.— is mistress of the house. What an example to the children! A young woman of 25 to be allowed to enter at all hours the room of a man of 37, and to receive him at all hours in her own apartment! Had she not the impertinence to tell me that she could not interfere between me and M. de Praslin, as she thought

he must have sufficient reasons to withdraw my children from my superintendence?

"To-day, perceiving myself angry at seeing you come out from a tete-a-tete with Mlle. D., I thought to act most judiciously in flying without saying a word, believing that I should thus avoid any scene of recrimination, and testify my disapprobation gently without risking anything. Good God! how far was I from anticipating the frightful rage in which my un-lucky gentleness put you. Certainly no violence could have urged you further than to follow me on the stair-case with loud insults and menacing gestures; and afterwards to come to my room and break my vases, and take from me two presents which I valued so much, and which you gave me, when I believed you loved me so much. Perhaps you have given them to another. You have made me burn the letters—proofs, and only relics of that love.

"All is finished. We have quarrelled beyond recall. Oh, he is more than harsh, he is cruel towards me. How could he acquire this excess of aversion for me whose love he knows to be so pure, so tender, so devoted? What infamous influences have been to work upon his heart, once so good, so affectionate, so just? He excuses himself doubtless by telling himself that my character has become hateful and intractable. But whose is the fault? Has he not disordered all my sentiments, all my principles—does he not seize every occasion to hurt and wound me? The chamber I live in kills me with its bitter recollections.

"It seems that since you have been Duke de Praslin, and possessor of the chateau, I am no longer worthy of being your wife. Since you wished for more children, you have believed yourself freed from all sentiments of affection, from all consideration, from all regard. Was I then only a machine? Far from dreading age, like so many women, I rejoiced in the anticipation of the happiness we should have together, as having loved one another so long—in talking over our old recollections—in living again in our children—in quitting together this world for a better. Alas! why are you no longer religious?

"My fears would not have arisen, if you had not excited them. I no longer see you amenable to any restraint of religion. For a long time you have adopted the appearance of the most disordered life, you affect the greatest levity of manner, the greatest contempt for the biences. I have seen you depart from the truth so far as to say that you have done one thing when you have done another. Oh, I am more unfortunate than blameable. You knew that I was of a jealous temperament: if you loved me, if you loved peace, and union, why do all that would have been required to excite jealousy in one the least susceptible of it? But, my God, how superstitious does grief make one! So I am ashamed of it. On Sunday, the day of your arrival, on rising I perceived an enormous spider. This frightened me. In this moment, while writing, I turned my eyes, and see a little spider. My tears stop. I feel an emotion of joy, as if a cause of hope comes to me. How weak is the spirit of man! Nevertheless, it is in thee, my God, my heart has placed all its hopes. Thou sendest visible signs of thy will. Oh, save him, and if it be possible, restore him to me! Grant that he may read the few lines that I send him, and that they may touch his heart."

That this horrible murder was committed by the Duke de Praslin it seems foolish to pretend to doubt. As to its being a deliberate murder, opinions may well differ. The evidence, as it stands, would seem to throw as much corroboration upon one hypothesis as the other. We consider that the crime is sufficiently enormous without denying the wretched criminal the charitable consideration that the atrocity was not premeditated. The gross mode of butchery indicates the sudden growth of fury; for, unhappily, animal rage, not pity, succeeds the first blow given in anger—a blow, therefore, always to be guarded as fatal. We can readily conceive that letters and documents like those we have given (although the emanations of a deep and just sense of injury,) must have had the effect of irritating the Duke de Praslin; especially if followed up by personal re-criminations, and then, constant and unwearied. On the fatal night he must have returned about 10 o'clock, and on visiting his wife's apartment, mutual and exciting conversation on their troubles may have been kept up for some hours; the state of the chamber, it must be remembered, showed that the washing, burning, and dressing were all hurriedly done. Had the murder been premeditated, this would hardly have been the case, perhaps. He would have killed the Duchess as she slept, and prepared some plausible pretence for fixing the crime on another. He seems, too, to have made no preparations to relieve himself from suspicion—from conviction—to fix the attention of the police elsewhere.

And thus ends the narrative, which we have endeavored to make as perfect as possible, without introducing any thing extraneous, or omitting any thing important to a right understanding of the case. To publish every thing about it contained in the voluminous pamphlets, newspaper sheets, &c. issued in Paris and London, would be impossible, were it even deemed necessary.

Our readers will make up their minds on this case, we judge, pretty easily, from the showing we have laid before them; that, ensnared by this woman, de Luzzi, alienated from his guiltless wife, by her machinations, irritated, driven to frenzy and despair by the consciousness of his position, and unable to bear the just reproaches of his injured victim, the Duc de Praslin committed the act for which he was imprisoned, and the confession of having committed which is before the world: for, as Daniel Webster said, in alluding to Crowninshield, in the White case—"Suicide is Confession."

Some political use has been attempted to be made of these lamentable occurrences, and the manner of the Duc's burial is severely commented on in some of the French papers.

ORDER OF AGRICULTURE.

We are agreeably surprised to perceive that kingly distinctions begin to be conferred upon the tillers of the soil. These honors have too long been conceded to the useless classes—the non-producers—the titled paupers who live at the expense of those who work. In times of old, the successful candidates for nightly favors were men of blood—bold robbers and cutthroats. In modern days, wealth and high birth have mainly constituted the claims for such distinctions, although in eminent instances, they have been conferred upon men of great attainments in science and the arts, and as the reward of literary merit.

But the pursuit of Agriculture—the art that lies at the foundation of all others—the substratum on which rests not only all the industrial interests but the whole structure of governments, with their array of dignitaries, and dependents—has not been deemed worthy of heraldic or knightly honors. The toil of the vulgar millman has been so long despised, that false opinions of what is truly

honorable in the pursuits of life, a false pride, and a false manhood, have ruled the world.

That the weak and pernicious notions about the ease and dignity of idleness and uselessness may fully give way, every where, to the common sense which teaches that labor is honorable—is the only true wealth—we heartily hope. And we have an admiration for the enlightened monarch who has set the illustrious example of instituting an "Order of Agriculture." We see in it the triumph of intelligent labor—the earnest of what the future will give to us—when it shall place Agriculture and the Useful Arts in the foremost rank of civic and national honors.

The King of Prussia has just created an order destined exclusively to agriculture, that is to say, to cultivators and persons who distinguish themselves in this department of industry. The decoration bears on one side the effigy of the King of Prussia, on the other, a motto, "For agricultural merit," surrounded with a crown of wheat, with vine and olive leaves. These classes are to be established in this order—the King reserves to himself the exclusive right to distribute the order of the first class; the second and third will be granted to farmers presented by the College of Economy. The distribution will take place annually, on occasions of agricultural festivals, and the solemn sessions of Agricultural Societies in the Prussian Monarchy.

Buffalo Courier.

Latest Intelligence.

The British mail steamer *Britannia* arrived at Boston on Sunday last at 5 1-4 A. M. She sailed from Liverpool Sept. 4th. On the 14th touched on Cape Race, N. F., but got off without damage.

Lieut. Munro is now confined in one of the condemned rooms, where all persons against whom sentence of death is recorded are placed. He has been informed that, until an order to the contrary be received from the Secretary of State, he will have to be put upon prison allowance, being deprived of the few comforts he has enjoyed since his surrender. It is stated that, in addition to the witnesses who spoke to his general character, none of whom, it seems, had been communicated with, but who came forward voluntarily, there were thirty or forty others in attendance on the trial.

Two gentlemen have arrived in the British metropolis from the Government of the United States of America, and, as we understand, missioned by the American powers, for the purpose of making themselves officially acquainted with the machinery and conduct of our bonding system, with the view of introducing it into the United States as a branch of commercial policy. These American gentlemen have been introduced by his Excellency the American Ambassador to our Board of Customs; and the principal members of the Board have received an intimation from the Foreign Secretary or the Prime Minister to pay the gentlemen every respect and attention, and to render them every practicable assistance in their commercial researches.—*Times*.

The Duke of Newcastle has appeared as the champion of Dukes in General, assailed, as he conceived, by the *Times*, and defended by no one except "very partially," by the *Morning Post*. The supposed attack was a semi-facetious commentary by the Leading Journal on the conduct of certain Dukes to whom it imputed interference in the election of Members; but their champion combats the "blind and unworthy crusade against Dukes" at large; "as if," he exclaims, "Dukes were a peculiar genus devoid of every quality estimable in man, and merely intended as game to be hunted down by envious and overbearing levellers."

The army in Ireland at the beginning of the present month consisted of these elements—ten regiments of Cavalry, thirty regiments or battalions of Infantry, two troops of Horse Artillery, nine companies and detachments of Artillery, and two companies of Marines. These give 28,000 rank and file of all arms. There are in addition, 21,682 enrolled Pensioners, Militia staffs, and Recruiting parties. Adding the 10,000 Constabulary, the total force amounts to about 60,000 men.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* contradicts, upon the authority of the latest Paris papers, as well as of its own correspondents, the statement copied into several of our American papers, that the eldest son of the Duke de Praslin, aged 17 years, had committed suicide on account of the horrors of the death of his parents.

The eldest son is only eleven or twelve years old, and was alive and well.

In like manner that paper contradicts the alleged suicide of M. Chevilier De Montesqueu, and the assassination of his mistress by the Prince Echumhl, son of Marshal Davoust. There seems not the slightest foundation for these atrocious and gratuitous calumnies, which first appeared, nevertheless, in the Paris journals, and were then copied into those of England and America.

FRANCE.—Public attention has been exclusively engrossed during the week by the tragedy at the Hotel Sebastiani.

In the absence of political news at home the journalists were discussing the affairs of Italy and Spain. The Opposition press warmly sympathized with the revolutionary movements in the Papal States; and the only Ministerial paper, the *Debats*, was guarded, but leaned to the side of Austria. Something more than a change of Ministry was anticipated in Spain, and the sudden departure of Narvaez on Sunday from Paris for Madrid seemed to justify the expectation of serious events.

SPAIN.—We have Madrid news to the 20th inst., but it is anticipated by the French papers in a very important piece of intelligence, namely, that Narvaez had arrived there, and had been commissioned by the Queen to form a new Ministry. He is himself to be President of the Council, and probably Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Pacheco Administration broke down under the attempt to bring about a reconciliation between the Queen and her husband. Senor Benavides believed that he had secured the consent of Don Francisco, and the Queen was induced, at the urgent entreaty of her Ministers, to take the first step by coming to Madrid from La Granja. Benavides then pressed the King Consort to take up his residence at the royal palace. Don Francisco coolly replied that he would do so at the end of four months. A Madrid letter says:—"He started no conditions, moved no exigencies of any kind, but manifested his resolute intention not to come to the palace of Madrid before the expiration of that term." This reply is regarded as a gross insult to the Queen.

This was followed by the immediate breaking up of the Pacheco Administration, and the arrival of Narvaez, who will not be content with anything short of a dictatorship.

The persistence of Austria in her encroachments on the Papal territory, and the prospect of a coalition on the part of the more arbitrary European powers to oppose the liberal measures of reform which the Pope is engaged in establishing in his dominions, has caused some expectation of the outbreak of hostilities in Italy, and indeed apprehensions are expressed of the imminence of a general European war.

A gradual downward tendency is perceptible in the corn market, with little hopes of a reanimation. A large business, however, continues to be done in wheat and flour, but at declining rates, mainly influenced by large supplies both home and foreign.

The home harvest is looked upon as secure, and the crops generally are considered to be a full average, and other produce is not deficient either in quality or supply.

The present quotations cannot be regarded as the minimum point.

The pressure which unfortunately still exists in the money market, has materially affected the operations of manufacturers, producing a disinclination to speculate, and a decided curtailment of the consumption of cotton. Prices are, however, maintained with remarkable firmness and a fair amount of business has been done. It must notwithstanding be confessed that business wears a gloomy aspect in the manufacturing districts with little promise of reaction until money becomes more obtainable.

Financial Intelligence.—The drafts of Prime, Ward & Co., of which acceptance was on Wednesday definitely refused by Overend, Gurney & Co., were on Thursday honoured by that firm, in consequence of the interposition of the friends of Prime, Ward & Co.

Notwithstanding that the funds have continued tolerably steady since the departure of the last steamer, a fearful pressure has been felt in the money market, deeply affecting, if not entirely paralyzing every branch of trade and manufactures. This distressing state of relaxed monetary circulation, has been followed by several heavy failures, many of which, from the character and position of the houses, have spread the utmost alarm among the whole trading community.

Whatever may be the immediate causes which have produced this state of things, the Bank of England has not escaped its share of blame, and there will be a general despair of amendment until it displays a spirit of improved liberality and accommodation.

The liabilities of the defaulting houses in London exceed two millions sterling, while in Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Limerick, numerous large houses are irretrievably gone.

In Liverpool, we have to notice the stoppage of the houses of Lyon & Firme, and Kirkpatrick & Co., whose liabilities are stated respectively at £60,000; in addition to which many houses of lesser note have declared their incapacity to continue.

Among the manufacturers the difficulty of obtaining money has been felt with peculiar severity, and several large mills have been compelled to stop. Were the evil believed to have reached its climax, the sanguine might indulge in something like returning confidence. But while improvement seems remote, deeper despair continues to usurp the place of hopefulness.

The funds opened firmly on Thursday morning, and remained without much alteration, until the breaking up of the "Bank Court," when they advanced to 87 5-8, at which they stood, until the announcement made at the breaking up of the court, that loans would be granted until the 14th of October, upon Stock Exchange Bills, and Bills of Exchange, at the reduced rate of 5 per cent., has been confirmed by the late reports, and it is hoped that as the measure will have some effect in aiding houses who are now exposed to embarrassment, it may produce a generally useful effect.

The Bullion of the Bank has decreased during the month £540,618, the amount now held being \$9,239,618.

The failure of Grey & Roxburgh, of Greenock, is just reported. The firm was engaged in the corn, timber, and sugar trade, and their liabilities are believed to be considerable.

The Queen and Royal family still continue in Scotland.

The steamer Great Britain was successfully floated off on the night of the 27th ult., and arrived at Liverpool on the 30th.

The wreck of the bark Canton, of Hull, with the loss of 300 immigrants, is reported to have taken place upon the west coast of Scotland.

The British Islands had, within the last week or ten days, been visited by a succession of disastrous hurricanes, which have caused incalculable damage to the shipping.

Notwithstanding the war speech of Lord Palmerston, on the subject of the Spanish bonds, there is but little fear entertained in England, that an appeal will be made to the ultimatum.

A smart engagement took place on the 15th of June, at the Cape of Good Hope, between a small party of British troops and an overwhelming number of Kafirs, in which the former suffered a defeat.

Italy still remains in a state of ferment. The town of Ferrara has been invested by the Austrian troops, and a declaration of war seems to be unavoidable on the part of the pope. The king of Sardinia has declared his intention to aid the Pontifical power, and England warmly sympathises with his holiness. Such a war must annihilate the Austrian dynasty in Italy.

In Spain the public excitement is still unabated. The Queen has intimated her intention of calling Narvaez to the head of her councils.

Nothing of public interest from Switzerland. The Diet continued its sittings, and was resolved to suppress the Sonderbund.

The overland mail from India had been received. The general state of the country was satisfactory. Trade was somewhat depressed in Calcutta and Bombay, but brighter prospects cheered the merchants from the favorable state of the crops.

War Office, August 27.—Coldstream Guards—H. W. J. Byng, Esq. (Page of Honor to the Queen), to be Ens. and Lieut. without pur. 14th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. W. Lloyd has been allowed to resign his commission.

Cape Mounted Riflemen—Lieut. J. Bourke, from the 17th Ft., to be Lt., v. Turner, app. to the 65th Ft.

Hospital Staff—J. T. Clarke, M.D., to be Asst.-Surg. to the Forces, vice Batley, app. to the 5th Ft.

Erratum in the Gazette of the 13th August.—Memorandum—For the promotion of Lieut. C. F. Browne, of the 28th Ft., to be considered as without purchase, &c.; read, the promotion of Lieut. C. F. Browne of the 25th Ft.

Miscellaneous Articles.

ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Mercury:—

Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of 21 years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said Mr. G., "and my advice to you is that you go and learn a cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest"—and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, and agreed with him upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in good earnest, and in course of time made as good a barrel as any one. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could. The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put into shape and finished three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for twenty thousand dollars, and handed it to the clerk, closing with these words:—

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

NOVEL SWINDLE.

Several of the fashionable novelists of Paris have recently had a laugh together—for which, however, they had pre-paid rather a high price. A chance inquiry, by one author, into the cause of another's unwonted depression of spirits, exposed a mutual experience, which was found afterwards to be the exact counterpart of the experience of half a dozen others. Eugene Sue was one of the sufferers, and his account of it, given at some length in the French journals, is briefly as follows:—

He was called upon one morning, after breakfast, by a person who begged a private interview on a matter of some importance. The stranger was a melancholy, but rather fine-looking man of forty-five or fifty, of prepossessing manners and very simple dress, who, after some preliminary embarrassment, told his story. He had once been the possessor of a fortune, had wasted the greater portion in the excesses of youth, and finally, sick of the world, had given the remainder of his means to the Convent of La Trappe, and entered the cloister of the speechless brotherhood. Here he was at last content. Years rolled on, and he grew happier and happier in his seclusion, till, one fatal day, changing his cell to one which had been occupied by a passing traveller, he found—a copy of one of the novels of the author he was now addressing! In the fascination of this intoxicating cup of genius—by its bewildering and vivid pictures of life—by its adorable portraits of women and wild passions—the dormant nerve of his turbulent soul was electrified anew! His brain was fired as he read. His blood kindled to a fever. He lost control over his thoughts and limbs, and in frantic thirst for life once more in a world so bewilderingly pictured, he tore off his monkish cowl and rosary, dashed his missal into the corner of his cell, and fled by night to Paris. He had revelled here for weeks, he knew not how long—when his strength gave way—illness followed, and he was just now creeping forth from a hospital. Sick and in want he had come to the author of all this evil—sure that in the genius where resided this wondrous power, there must be also a feeling of justice and compassion, to which he could look for a partial reparation. The victim needed money—he required means to return to the convent he had deserted, and something to present to the treasury of the brotherhood as an expiatory peace-maker to ensure his reception.

Such an appeal, of course, was not to be resisted. The convicted and flattered launcher of the thunderbolt pulled out his purse in pity—gave the scathed sufferer a handful of gold—and grew (not unpleasurably) pensive over the new view of his responsibility as a possessor of appalling power!

Called upon by a brother author, during his contrite reverie, he disclosed the cause of his sadness—which was received with a roar of laughter. The listener had just been "done brown" by the same eloquent impostor, only it was *his* book, and not Monsieur Sue's, that had convulsed the soul of the apostate Trappist! As the story got about, there was a general confession—every man in Paris who had written a tale, having paid handsomely to undo the fatal mischief of its fascination! The melancholy monk, it need hardly be said, turned out to be one of the most accomplished swindlers of the continent.

Home Journal.

THE LATE MR. WALTER, AND PRINTING BY STEAM.

The greatest change wrought by Mr. Walter, of the London Times, was one that is an era in the history of the world, an improvement in importance second only to the invention of printing itself. He was the first who applied the power of steam to the operations of the Press. The circulation of the *Times* became more than could be supplied by hand labor, and a more rapid process was imperatively necessary.

As early as the year 1804, an ingenious compositor, named Thomas Martyn, had invented a self-acting machine for working the press, and had produced a model, which satisfied Mr. Walter of the feasibility of the scheme. Being assisted with the necessary funds, he made considerable progress towards the completion of his work, in the course of which he was exposed to much personal danger from the hostility of the pressmen, who vowed vengeance against the man whose innovations threatened destruction to their craft. To such a length was their opposition carried, that it was found necessary to introduce the various pieces of the machine into the premises with the utmost possible secrecy, while Martyn was obliged to shelter himself under various disguises in order to escape their fury. Mr. Walter, however, was not yet permitted to reap the fruits of his

enterprise. On the very eve of success, he was doomed to bitter disappointment. He had exhausted his own funds in the attempt, and his father, who had hitherto assisted him, became disheartened, and refused him any further aid. The project was, therefore, for the time, abandoned.

Mr. Walter, however, was not the man to be deterred from what he had once resolved to do. He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, and courted aid from all quarters, with his usual munificence. In the year 1814, he was induced by a clerical friend, in whose judgment he confided, to make a fresh experiment; and, accordingly, the machinery of the amiable and ingenious Koenig, assisted by his young friend Bauer, was introduced—not, indeed, at first into the Times office, but into the adjoining premises, such caution being thought necessary, from the threatened violence of the pressmen. Here the work advanced, under the frequent inspection and advice of the friend alluded to. At one period these two able mechanics suspended their anxious toil, and left the premises in disgust. After the lapse, however, of about three days, the gentleman discovered their retreat, induced them to return, showed them, to their surprise, their difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress.

The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode, was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walters went into the press-room and astonished its occupants by telling them that "the Times was already printed by steam! That, if they attempted violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured"—a promise which was, no doubt, faithfully performed; and, having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through, and printing by steam, on an almost gigantic scale, given to the world.

Mr. Walter died in the midst of the General Election, on the 28th of July last, and the respect in which his memory is held, was shown by a circumstance almost without a parallel in Parliamentary history. The electors of Nottingham, on the day after his decease, without canvass or preparation, returned his son, Mr. J. Walter, to the House of Commons, by an immense majority.

Tissot, a modern writer, asserts that of all causes that have injured the health of women, none has been more deleterious than the prodigious multiplication of romances during the last century. Females, whose constitutions would have been robust, have been weakened gradually by the too strong impressions of impassioned writings. The tender romances hinder, instead of promoting marriages. A woman, while her heart is warmed by the languor of love, does not seek a husband—a hero must lay his laurels at her feet.—Girls—is this so?

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 s 8½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.

On Sunday, early in the morning, the Britannia steamer arrived. She touched ground at Cape Race, which a little retarded her arrival, but she is not materially injured; she is brought to New York to have her repairs properly done.

The Britannia brings the particulars of an awful murder in French high life, the details of which we have given as copiously as we could spare the room in our edition of to-day.

The Queen of England is enjoying the Scottish scenery, atmosphere, sports, and hospitality, in the fullest extent, and the sum of these is not small in extent.

We are happy to perceive that Espartero is recalled, and will probably take part in public affairs. The Queen of Great Britain and the British Government are equally desirous of testifying their sense of his worth, and a pension of £2000 per annum has been offered him, which he has respectfully but firmly declined.

A harvest more than an average in point of goodness and plenty, have been well got in, and there is every hope that plenty will be found in all parts of the land; but the late famine, like all other calamities, leaves its consequences some time, and of some weight, behind. The speculators have lost, very much, and in each vestry a number of smaller sufferers are included, and the misfortune altogether has been tremendously great.

We are glad to perceive that the Irish are industrious in the field, and more steadfast in their employment than has hitherto been their character. There is likewise in the Irish agricultural planting less of the potatoe in comparison with other growth, than there used to be, which is equally a matter of general rejoicing.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

The Havana troupe have finished at the Castle Garden, where they have been successful, and have been well patronized by the French, Italian, and Spaniards residents in this city. There is nothing very great in the best or them (we think Madame Ranieri the most talented and the best singer); but was in good discipline, all was well fitted, there was a good orchestra, and, in each quality of voice, there was a good representation. M. Villarino has the establishment in very good order, and with their qualities and numbers they meet with success wherever they perform. "Il Barbiere" was not very popular, neither Figaro nor Rosina were particular well filled, and the Conte Almaviva was not well at all by the new tenor. This company succeed better in serious than in the comic opera, and we are sorry for it, for the latter is the more acceptable among the New York public.

We were unable, through sickness, to be at the concert on Monday night,

given by the French Benevolent Society, but we insert the following thereon, which is given by the musical critic of the "Courier and Enquirer."

The Apollo Room was well filled on Monday evening on occasion of the French Benevolent Society's Concert; but the audience could hardly be called brilliant, although composed principally of our French residents, and the performance went off rather heavily. Signor Benedetti not being able to appear, M. Genovesi was announced as his substitute, but he also failing, M. Dubreuil kindly volunteered to supply the missing piece by a *chanson*, in addition to the two *arie* which he was announced to perform. M. Dubreuil, whom we heard last night for the first time, has a baritone voice of satisfactory power and fair compass, but not very musical. He has evidently been trained in a good school, but has stopped very far short of perfection in that school. His style has no particular characteristic, and the continual "tremolo" of his voice is anything but pleasing. His best performance last night was the "Pour tant d'amour" from La Favorite.

Madame Pico is evidently out of practice, and beside—perhaps for that reason,—her voice seems to have lost much of that rich and touching quality which once could somewhat compensate for, if it could not hide, her evident faults of method. Her performance of the "Cavatina" by Rossini, and the "Barcarole" by Rubini, added as little to her reputation as the compositions did to the fame of the composers.

M. Herz gave his beautiful "fantasia" upon themes from "Lucia" with all that delicacy, finish, and sparkling brilliance for which his performance is so distinguished. There is a "piano" passage of "arpeggios" in this composition which as M. Herz performs it is unsurpassed by any movement of the kind we have ever heard, and Mr. Herz's piano forte, with its sure and delicate touch, its fine body of tone, firm, resonant and of pellucid purity, is admirably adapted to the rendering of the passage. "La Parisienne—Grand Variations with Chorus," was announced as composed and executed by Henri Herz. On this occasion it seemed to us both composed and executed by the chorus.

Herr Battenhausen, who kindly volunteered to play a violin solo, was listened to with reciprocal kindness by the audience.

Since inserting the above, we have been favored with the following from a friend, on whose criticism we have unqualified reliance. We now give it in season, for we are almost as anxious that pretence should be checked, as that talent should be encouraged.

Dear Sir: I send you a few words about the French Concert of last Monday. You may congratulate yourself for not being present at this miserable Musical Soiree, the most insignificant we have had for a long while. Next week I shall send you some musical items on London and Paris artists.

Yours very friendly,

CONCERT OF THE FRENCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—This Concert took place on Monday last at the Apollo Rooms, before a rather limited audience; for it is a fact to be observed that the French, though a charitable and generous people, do not know how to fill a large hall on such nights. The Concerts of the French Benevolent Society never had, until now, any *éclat*, whilst the same solemnities of the German and St. George Societies, always draw at the Tabernacle. Surely this last concert was very meagre, the only solo performers being Madame Pico, and Messrs. Bottenhausen, Dubreuil, and H. Herz. Mr. Benedetti, who was wrongly announced on the large bill, had in his place on the small bill delivered at the doors, a Mr. Genovesi, who did not appear; no great loss for the audience. Mr. Dubreuil has a good barytone voice, but there is a tremor in his singing which we do not like nor approve. Mr. Bottenhausen is said to be a solo player (violin) to the Court Theatre of Cassel. Poor Court Theatre of Cassel! As to Mr. Herz, he is far from having improved since last winter; his performance of his beautiful fantasia on "Lucia," was confused in the extreme; most part of it was nothing but a *barbouillage*. The public was aware of his want of neatness and feeling, and his reception was decidedly cold. Mr. H. Herz, who had previously wanted the assistance of fifteen co-performers, and a girl ten years of age besides, was this time assisted by a *powerful* chorus consisting of 10 or 11 voices of every description. His *Parisienne* is another *humbug*, which was contemptuously laughed at by the whole audience; as a piece of composition, it is a mere bagatelle. The honors of the Concert were for Madame Pico, who sang more in tune and in a better style than usual two new pieces, (*new* to her and the New York public,) a cavatina from "Aze-ma di Grenata," and a pleasing barcarole by Rubini; this last was loudly enforced in spite of a slight and ungentelemanly opposition. It would be unjust to omit saying that Mr. Etienne, who presided at the piano, was certainly the most deserving of all the artists who appeared in the evening.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. Millet of the Saloon, No. 329 Broadway has just published the following, viz:

"Away upon the moon-lit water."—This is just in tune and style what it is heard, a "Gondola lay." The music is an arrangement of Louis Grube, but we suspect the *melody* to be from an amateur. It is very pretty, and takes only a few notes of the middle of the tenor voice. It should become popular."

"Sweet melody."—This is a pleasing, easy air in three sharps, by that general favorite C. E. Horn, and has the winning *arpeggio* accompaniments for which he was always remarkable.

No. 2 of the "Fashionable Ethiopian Polkas," selected from African melodies. These consist of five; they are pleasingly arranged by G. Sitgreaves, and will be found very acceptable in private balls and societies.

The Drama.

The anticipations expressed by Mr. Mitchell of the Olympic on the night he re-opened are evidently on the eve of fulfilment. There are several theatrical and operatic establishments that have just received important reinforcements, and there will be, most assuredly, a heavy attempt to make a brilliant season this winter. We agree in the fullest belief with him that there will be not only a severe contest, but that he will have a successful part therein, and a very

short time will decide, in the language of the field and of the turf, where is the best bottom in the several months races.

The most novel intelligence on this score is something like the following. We do not vouch for the fidelity of all we report, however, for our custom is to ascertain as much as we can *before the curtain*; but we fancy we are pretty correct on the whole.

It is stated that Sig. Sanquirico has arrived from Europe with a great accession of vocal strength, and that operatic performances will be commenced immediately at the new Opera House up town. It is said there will also be a very fair proportion of opera comique played there during the season; the Sig. Giubelei (brother to the regretted artist of that name, who was so greatly and so deservedly respected by the public) has commenced a Basso Contante, and with them have arrived Mr. Manvers, that excellent Tenor, and Miss Manvers, daughter of that artist, and there is also a very good prima donna in English opera, all intended for the Park. There will shortly be at the same establishment Mr. Pitt, so well and so favorably known as the leader in Tragedy at Manchester. The Broadway Theatre will be opened next week, and a very strong stock company are engaged there, including more than thirty persons, who are either well and flatteringly known already, or who come from the best theatres in England, and are likely to give eclat to the stage management of Mr. Geo. Barrett there, who will commence his new avocations under very favorable circumstances.

Mrs. Bishop is here from Boston, and would give a concert last night at the Tabernacle, in which she was to sing several of her *chefs d'œuvres*, and would be assisted by the celebrated Mr. Bochsa on the harp.

In addition to all this are the Olympic, the Bowery, and the Chatham, all of which will be in full blast all the winter season, and the Castle Garden and Palmo's as long as possible; so that, without taking into consideration any others, here is a great field of theatrical speculation, which will fully occupy leisure hours during the ensuing winter, and leave no chance to the blue devils to effect an entrance into the human heart; particularly when it is recollected that concerts in the winter are sure to have their share of public support; and lectures—but they will be neglected when there is matter more interesting and entertaining.

Broadway Theatre.—In the course of the week we had an opportunity of seeing the interior of the theatre in Broadway. It has many things which which are admirable in its construction, and one or two which we would reject; but a spectator, now-a-days, must be a fault-finder, if only to show his observation and judgment. It certainly is well and centrally situated, and we are given to understand that the principle will be to have a good stock company at this place, and no stars. The principle abstractedly is good, but managers have already diseased the public appetite, and we fear that this resolution may be injurious to its prospects. The house is large and very elegant; and sitting accommodations has received much of the thought of the architect and of the management. The first tier of boxes and the parquet are upon the same footing, have the same price, and level, or thereabouts, with each other; but the seats in these boxes, (which can be taken beforehand) are very pleasant, being all sofas, and the rows are full sit feet from each other, so that parties may go on before those already seated, and cause no inconvenience or annoyance to the sitters. There are with-drawing rooms to this part of the house, and we suppose that good-breeding and courtesy will allow that those who shall have had occasion to leave their places, will return to them again. The second tier, although well attended to as regards the seating, has no fewer than 13 rows in front, but they are so placed that the sight and hearing are not interrupted. The sides of this tier, however, are not good for much, the first and second rows prevent seeing and hearing well. The third tier is the gallery, in the middle of which is the third tier of boxes, in which we are to suppose the *roues* and those of the *pave* are to have accommodation, and which virtually tells us that, although the theatre is in Broadway, they will not be found there at all. So much the better for those who like the drama, but are rigid moralists besides. Above this is the gallery for people of colour, who enter by a door in Anthony street, have a plentiful scarcity of seats when they get in, and can hardly either see or hear when they arrive at the top of the house. There are to be three private boxes on each side of the second tier, and we calculate that a bumper house, at the present proposed prices, will have in it from \$1800 to \$2000. The theatre has a very wide proscenium, perhaps the widest in New York, and the dressing rooms of the actors are both convenient and well out of the way. There is abundant room for business behind the scenes. The ornamental part of the house will be finished in good and chaste style, and we understand that a large chandelier will be let down from the top of the dome. The house is apparently well stayed and firm within, but we must say that we think it rather too flimsy in the general dimensions of the work.

On the whole, it is a pretty theatre, and most sincerely we wish success to the undertaking. It is proposed to open here on Monday evening next, the 27th inst., with the fine comedy of "The School for Scandal," a play which, to do it justice, *should* be well cast throughout.

Literary Notices.

Fletcher's Illustrated Bible, No. 54.—This fine edition appears very regularly and keeps up the early appearance in every respect. No. 54 is just out.

Christopher Tadpole, No. 1. By Alfred Smith. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—This clever fiction is to be completed in two parts, one of which is before us. The world has not done the author justice when they attempt to depreciate his talents, which are very apt in seizing the comical and

ridiculous. If he is in fault at all, it is in giving too much of the cant of low life, and in describing too familiarly and particularly that class of society of which the world profess to know little and to care less. But this work will, and ought to be largely read. We would take the present opportunity of remarking on the kindness and politeness of this firm of Burgess, Stringer & Co., for their constant readiness and obliging disposition, in affording us the accommodation of a copy of their most recent European magazines, whenever by any casualty our own have miscarried. This is liberal, particularly as considered in connection with their position as publishers.

The Camp and the Quarter Deck. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—The writer of this book has attempted beyond his calibre, and if he is pardonable at all, it is that the thought is likely to sell at this period when there is an exciting warfare against Mexico, and therefore stories of warfare and of enterprising conduct go down with a relish. We presume that the writer is either French or a morbid hater of the English, which only can account for his devastating some of the early naval battles in the way he has, and he has made both erroneous premises and bad conclusions. An Englishman we cannot suppose him, for none of his authorities appear to be English, except a few childish anecdotes—and his attempts to explain the Victory of Lord Howe on the 1st June, 1794, and that of Lord Vincent on Feb. 14th, 1796, are not in accordance with recognised facts; but—the former, especially—as leading to explain M. Theirs' account thereof, as a saving of the French merchant vessels coming from America, at the expense of seven sail of the line, and the end thenceforward of French prowess and superiority at sea. This cannot be the intended finish of the work, for it comes not higher than the Battle of the Nile, and should be brought up to the end of Bonaparte's public career. We presume, therefore, that there will be more of it.

The Journeyman Joiner. By George Sand. New York: W. Graham.—We have before had occasion to remark that the lady who writes under this name is more dangerous than she at first might appear. She tells us in this work that she has asked question upon certain points (*principles*) and to her astonishment has not got from critics answers to her queries. The fact is, that direct answers would bring parties too much into the disputes of metaphysics, and these are better let alone; only that George Sand is meanwhile advancing in popularity, and the more as her questions remain unanswered; for, as a novelist and writer of fiction, she deserves high praise. The fault of George Sand is, that she puts "feelings" in the place of "principles," and assuming the "feelings" as granted, goes boldly on to make characters out in agreement with them, although they are likely to differ under various circumstances of age, position, and experience; therefore, as she builds on a false basis, her results are apt not only to be false themselves, but are sometimes liable to carry her readers to erroneous conclusions arising from false premises, and as she is not very particular as to morals herself, so neither does she inculcate them in others. Yet George Sand is both a clever and a pleasing writer.

Hewitt's Journal and the People's Journal, for August, 1847. New York: Berford & Co.—We class these two works together, because, not only are they English cheap editions, but because they are opposed to each other in career, and have nearly the same plan. They are embellished by wood-cuts, and that art is now so greatly improved that it is greatly taking the place of engraving, so beautifully and effectually do they bring out the objects of the artists. There is abundance of good matter in each, and the price is, like all publications at this day, almost too cheap to be good to either buyer or seller.

Harper's Pictorial Shakspeare. 3 vols. 8vo.—We had unqualified satisfaction in noticing this work as it came out in numbers—not only from the goodness and importance of the text and its copious notes, but also from the copiousness and quality of its illustrations, which did large credit both to the publishers and to the artist, Mr. Hewet. But we have lately seen it, bound in three large octavo volumes, with double column pages, and, when finished in this way, it is an invaluable addition to the library, and it deserves—better than we can give it—high encomiums as a publication. The writings of Shakspeare in this edition are put together as follows—one volume of Historical Plays; one volume of fictitious subjects, comedies; and one volume of fictitious subjects, tragedies; and the whole is not very inferior in point of literary matter from that which is published by Knight & Co., of London. The general work, which has been under the careful supervision and editorial management of the well-known Julian Verplanck, takes the work of the celebrated Paine Collier as its basis, and it is pretty correct in its details. It contains about 2000 illustrations, all very closely applying either to Shakspeare's text or to the notes appended in this edition, and it will be found a great and important assistant to every one who takes pleasure in understanding the immortal writer well.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

CONCLUSION OF FIRST MATCH BETWEEN ST. GEORGE'S AND THE NEW YORK CLUB OF CRICKETERS.

The conclusion was too late last week to enable us to put the whole play in print then; it was chiefly through delay which was occasioned by a difference of opinion, whether Syme was put out or not, which, after much demur, was settled against him. In consequence thereof, the New Yorkers' score was better than the St. George's by 3 runs; of course, therefore, the former were victorious.

The St. George's went in for their second innings about 5:35 on Thursday afternoon. Wheatcroft and Groom assuming the bats against the bowling of Sams and Cuppage. Groom was steadily picking up the notches, having obtained three ones himself, when his house was lowered by Sams; and Ticknor

took his place; and Wheatcroft soon followed him, having made 4; and Rouse succeeded him. Ticknor is a very hard hitter, and in his score had made a fine 2, but was caught by Sutton when he had made 4. The play ceased here, and was commenced on Friday at 3 P. M., by Wright taking the place of Ticknor; Rouse was caught by Bennett, and Wright brought up the score, as he always does in every play in like fashion. He made a capital 4, a good 2, and had achieved 13, when Sams ended his career for the time; and now came Roberts, a good batter, and his eye seemed pretty well accustomed to the bowling. He made a pretty 2 in his score, but Bennett caught him when he had got four in all; and now Syme came to the bat. This is a pretty player, but he is too fond of leaving home to meet the ball. A dispute about his being stumped, but it was finally conceded by his party, and he came out. In the mean time, Tinson, who succeeded Roberts, was given out "leg before wicket;" and Green took his place; he got 3, one hit of which was a 2; but he fell before the bowling of Sams. Bage succeeded Syme, and Eyre succeeded Green, which was the last pair of bats of the party. Bage protected his wicket very well indeed, made four singles, and brought his bat out; but Eyre was run out. This ended the innings, the batsmen making but 47 runs, against 50, which they had to get over, if possible.

The return, we understand, is to be played at Hoboken on Monday next. The following is the score of the fourth innings:

Wheatcroft, b. Sams.....	4
Groom, b. do.....	3
Ticknor, c. Sutton, b. Sams.....	4
Rouse, c. Bennett, b. Sams.....	3
Wright, b. Sams.....	12
Roberts, c. Bennett, b. Cuppage.....	7
Syme, stumped out.....	2
Tinson, leg before wicket.....	0
Green, b. Sams.....	3
Bage, not out.....	4
Eyre, run out.....	0
Byes.....	4
Wide (Cuppage).....	1
Total.....	47

Cricket.—The conquering game between the Cobourg and Kingston Club was played on Friday last, 10th instant, at Cobourg, and terminated in favor of Kingston, who won with eight wickets to go down. To-morrow (Tuesday) the first game of a match between the Hamilton and Guelph Clubs is to come off at Guelph, and the return match will take place in the course of a short time at Hamilton.

SYRACUSE vs. UTICA.

This match, which has been for some time pending between the two Clubs of Syracuse and Utica, came off at Syracuse on Monday and Tuesday last, and, as will be seen by the subjoined score of the game, resulted in favor of Syracuse by 35 runs. The game, at different stages of it, was by those who understood it of absorbing interest, particularly at the close of the first innings, when the Utica party stood 18 ahead. The bowling and fielding of the Utica players were extremely good—the fielding especially. In this part of the game they are decidedly superior to the Syracuseans, although in the second innings, when the Syracuse Club found their laurels in danger, they never played better—nor, as the small score of their opponents shows, with more success. The Utica Club contains all the elements for making a good one, and, although beaten this time, are not disheartened, as they have already thrown down the gauntlet for another contest at some future day. At the close of the game, the ball—the trophy of victory—was handed to the victors by Mr. Shonnard, the President of the Utica Club, with appropriate remarks as to its being won fairly and honorably, and was given up freely and cordially. Thus closed the first game between these two Clubs, as, although they had met before, the game on that occasion was not played out, and of course could not be claimed by either party. The following is the score:—

SYRACUSE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Oliver, b. Foster.....	9	run out.....	19
M. Pearson, b. Smith.....	8	run out.....	0
Drew, b. Foster.....	1	b. Smith.....	1
Dallman, c. Vines.....	8	b. Foster.....	6
Paine, b. Smith.....	0	b. Smith.....	2
Darrant, b. Foster.....	1	b. Foster.....	4
Playford, b. Foster.....	0	b. Foster.....	6
Munn, run out.....	5	not out.....	24
Hambrook, c. Kellogg.....	1	b. Smith.....	7
J. Pearson, run out.....	3	b. Smith.....	2
Ives, not out.....	0	c. Vines.....	1
Byes.....	1	Byes.....	5
Total.....	37	Wide.....	1
		Total.....	78

UTICA.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Smith, b. Durant.....	0	b. wicket.....	2
Wiggins, run out.....	7	b. Paine.....	0
Foster, run out.....	15	b. Paine.....	0
Kellogg, c. Playford.....	4	run out.....	0
French, not out.....	0	b. Paine.....	0
Martin, c. Drew.....	10	not out.....	2
Vines, b. Ives.....	11	b. Ives.....	10
Hackett, run out.....	0	b. Ives.....	0
Hornby, b. Paine.....	0	b. Ives.....	4
Beesly, l. b. w.....	0	c. Dallman.....	1
Ralph, b. Ives.....	4	run out.....	1
Byes.....	2	Byes.....	4
Wide.....	1	Wide.....	2
No ball.....	1	Total.....	25
Total.....	55		

We omitted to state above, that after the play on Monday, the Syracuseans entertained their guests of the Utica Club, and a numerous party of the friends of the game of Cricket, to a supper at the Syracuse House, where, we scarce need say, every thing was of the best, and went off in the best manner.

GRAND WEEK AT CANTERBURY.

The annual return matches at Canterbury were commenced on Monday, at the new ground, Old Dover-road, and attracted a numerous assemblage of spectators, chiefly composed of the nobility and leading gentry of Kent, and of the residents of the eastern part of the county. The weather was glorious, and notwithstanding the excitement of the elections, there were many visitors from distant counties, and likewise from London and its neighborhood. The band of the 39th Regiment was in attendance, and by their lively airs added interest to the scene during the intervals of the play. The first contest of the "grand week" was that of

KENT AGAINST ENGLAND.

the latter first taking the bat, by placing Mr. Nicholson and Dean at the wickets, Mr. Mynn and Hillyer being the bowlers. Mr. Mynn gave a wide the first ball, but no run was obtained in the next four, when Dean got one from Hillyer's first over, and then another from Mr. Mynn. Mr. Nicholson making a splendid hit to the leg from the latter, and scoring five for it amidst loud cheering, and in the next over sending Hillyer round to the leg for two more. Dean then made two singles, and Mr. Nicholson followed suit, when Dean drove Mr. Mynn forward for three; but soon after Mr. Nicholson was caught at the point by Mr. Felix, England having lost their first wicket for 23 runs. Box came next, but was bowled by Hillyer the first ball, which made way for Guy, who began with a one.—Dean made a cut for two from Mr. Mynn, and then a single; but in the next over was caught by Mr. Felix from Hillyer. Parr now joined Guy, and several overs were bowled and no run obtained, when Parr made two in the slip from Hillyer, but soon after Mr. Felix waited on Guy, and caught him from Hillyer; four wickets and 34 runs. Sewell faced Parr, when the latter drove Mr. Mynn forward for four, but soon after Mr. Mynn found out his balls; five wickets being down for 37 runs, and 2 to 1 on Kent. Clarke made his appearance, but Sewell was stumped by Dorrington without scoring, which made way for Mr. Fellowes, who began with a single from Mr. Mynn, when the ball hit his leg and went on the wicket; seven wickets and 40 runs. Mr. Kynaston faced Clarke, when the latter commenced with a one and then drove Hillyer forward for three, but in the next over Hillyer caught Mr. Kynaston from his own bowling; eight wickets and 44 runs, when the bell rung for dinner.

On renewing play, Wisden joined Clarke, and made a one, when he was caught in the slip by Hillyer, from Mr. Mynn, and Lillywhite was the last. Clarke then drove Hillyer forward for four, and soon after sent him round to the leg for four more [cheers]. Lillywhite began with a two to the leg from Mr. Mynn, and soon after a single in the same place; Clarke then sent Mr. Mynn away for two, when Lillywhite was caught by Felix from Hillyer, which finished the innings, amounting to 67 runs only.

The bowling of Mr. Mynn and Hillyer was admirable. The balls of the latter got up very much, which will account for the number of catches that were made from him, Mr. Felix taking four at the point. Hillyer also caught Wisden from Mr. Mynn as no one else could have caught him from so sharp a cut to the short slip.

Kent sent in Adams and W. Pilch, Lillywhite and Wisden bowling. Lillywhite's first was maiden, but W. Pilch made two twos from Wisden's first over; Adams then sent Lillywhite round to the leg for four, and W. Pilch marked a three, singles then being the order for some time; when Adams made another three, and Mr. Fellowes took up the bowling at Wisden's end, and Dean at Lillywhite's, but of no avail, both getting runs fast. Clarke then went on to bowl at Mr. Fellowes's end, Lillywhite also taking it up again, when Wisden caught Adams in the slip from the latter; one wicket and 32 runs. Mr. Bayley having filled the vacancy, in the next over Lillywhite got W. Pilch's balls off, which made way for Martingell. Mr. Bayley commenced with two threes following; Martingell, with two singles, and then a two; Mr. Bayley also marking several singles, when he made a splendid hit for four [cheers.] and then another for two, when Clarke found out his stumps; three wickets and 60 runs. F. Pilch joined Martingell, and led off with a single, followed it for four, and soon after gave a chance, which was not taken. Martingell made another three, and then hit Clarke away in the long field; but Sewell was there, who caught him admirably; four wickets and the runs rubbed off. Mr. Felix joined F. Pilch, and the play went on rapidly, both getting ones, twos, and threes, when Mr. Fellowes took up the bowling at Clarke's end, and Dean at Lillywhite's; but all of no use, both still scoring very fast, when Lillywhite went on again, and soon after F. Pilch was caught at the point by Dean from him, he retiring with a score of 40, including a four, seven threes, a two, and the rest singles; five wickets and 143 runs. Mr. Mynn next made his appearance, and Wisden having taken up the bowling again, Mr. Felix soon after played the ball on his wicket from him. Dorrington came next, and the score was run up to 157, being 90 ahead, with four wickets to go down, which finished the first day's play.

Tuesday.—Mr. Mynn and Dorrington again took their stations at the wickets, Wisden and Lillywhite being the bowlers. Dorrington made a two from Wisden's first over, but Lillywhite's was a maiden one. Dorrington obtained two more from Wisden, and Mr. Mynn marked one from Lillywhite, several overs being then bowled and no runs, when Lillywhite gave Dorrington a shooter, which settled his business; seven wickets and 166 runs. Martin filled the vacant place, and got one from Lillywhite, but the first ball from Wisden finished his account; eight wickets and 167 runs. Mr. Fredericks came next, but was bowled the first ball by Wisden, and Hillyer was the last, who soon gave a chance, which was not taken, and then having made four singles, Wisden gave him a shooter, which finished the innings with 171 runs, Mr. Mynn bringing out his bat with twelve to his name, with one four and the rest singles, Kent being 104 ahead of England.

In England's second innings, Mr. Nicholson and Clarke were the two first to appear against the bowling of Hillyer and Martingell, the former commencing with a four to the leg from Hillyer, and the next ball two more in the same place. Clarke began with a one from Martingell, and in the next over sent Hillyer away for three; Mr. Nicholson made two from Martingell, and soon after Clarke made three from the same bowler, the game going on merrily, Mr. Nicholson making a cut for two, and likewise two twos to the leg from Hillyer, when Mr. Mynn took up the bowling at Martingell's end, and bowled a wide the first ball. Mr. Nicholson then

obtained two more twos from Hillyer at the leg, when the bell rang for dinner, 43 runs being obtained, and no wicket down.

After the repast, Clarke was caught the first ball by Mr. Fredericks from Hillyer, and Box took the vacant place, Mr. Nicholson being caught by Mr. Felix the first ball from Mr. Mynn, which made way for Guy; two wickets 43 still. Guy commenced with a two, the first ball from Mr. Mynn, and then a single; soon after Box drove Mr. Mynn forward for four and one to the leg, and then sent Hillyer away for three, the game again going on rapidly, when Box received a blow in the mouth from Mr. Mynn, which stopped the play for a time. Box made a single from Mr. Mynn, and Guy marked two in the slip from Hillyer, and then made a splendid hit to the leg for four [cheers,] when Martingell took up the bowling again, and Guy played the ball on his wicket; three wickets and 73 runs. Parr joined Box, and led off with a two to the leg from Martingell, Box a cut for three from the same bowler; soon after Parr made a splendid hit square to the leg for four, and a cut to the off for three from Hillyer, and three to the leg from Martingell, but was soon after caught at the long stop from Hillyer by Martingell; four wickets and 94 runs. Mr. Kynaston next came, and Box obtained two to the leg from Hillyer. Mr. Kynaston led off with a one from Mr. Mynn, and then made a most splendid hit square to the leg, and obtained five for it, and soon after drove Hillyer forward for five more, amidst loud cheers, and then made a single and two more for an overthrow. Adams now took up the bowling at Hillyer's end, and Mr. Kynaston sent him away for three, when Box was caught by Mr. Felix at the point from Adams; five wickets and 114 runs. Sewell took Box's place, and Mr. Kynaston drove Adams for two, and then sent Mr. Mynn round to the leg for four [cheers]; and in trying for a fifth Sewell was run out; six wickets and 124 runs. Wisden faced Mr. Kynaston, and began with a one the first ball, Mr. Kynaston again driving Adams forward for four more, with a splendid hit, Wisden serving Mr. Mynn the same for three, when Hillyer went on again, and soon after Wisden was stumped by Dorrington from him; seven wickets and 140 runs. Mr. Fellowes now became the companion of Mr. Kynaston, and sent Hillyer away for four, and having obtained another single, Mr. Felix waited on him at the cover point and caught him from Mr. Mynn; nine wickets and 145 runs. Dean was the next; but at last Hillyer settled Mr. Kynaston's account, which was found to be 39, got in a most rapid and splendid style, with two fives, two fours, two threes, two twos, and eleven singles. Lillywhite was the last man, and began with one the first ball, Dean leading off with a single, and then a cut for two, and having obtained another single, Hillyer found out his wicket, which finished the innings, amounting to 154, and the second day's play, Kent having 51 runs to get to win.

Wednesday.—Adams and W. Pilch were the two first at the wicket, Lillywhite and Clarke being the bowlers. Lillywhite's first was a maiden over; but Adams made three from Clarke the first ball. Mr. Pilch made two to the leg from Lillywhite; but soon after the latter sent him to the right about, which made way for Martingell. Adams sent Clarke away for four, then marked a two from him, and having made two more singles, Lillywhite slipped into his wicket; two wickets and 16 runs. Martin commenced with a three, and soon after a four, when he gave a chance to Dean at the point from Wisden, which was fatal, which made way for F. Pilch, but Lillywhite sent him back for one, the ball hitting his leg, and going on his wicket; four wickets and 30 runs. Dorrington next came, but was caught by Wisden from his own bowling without scoring, making a vacancy for the celebrated Mr. Felix, who was served the same way by the same bowler without scoring, which brought the match from 10 to 1 to even; six wickets and 30 runs. Mr. Mynn joined Martingell, when there were several overs and no runs, and the most intense interest was exhibited at this time as to the result of the match. At last Mr. Mynn began with a two, and soon followed it up with a three, Martingell marking a three from Lillywhite in the slip, but was soon after floored by Wisden; seven wickets and 41 runs. Mr. Bayley joined Mr. Mynn, when the latter made two, and then it was some time before another run was obtained. Mr. Mynn then sent Wisden away for four, and the next ball for four more, which finished this truly most splendid match, Kent winning, with three wickets to go down.

The bowling in the last innings on the England side was truly splendid, a run being scarcely obtain in half an hour at the time Dorrington, Mr. Felix, and Mr. Mynn came in; and scarcely has there ever been seen finer batting than that of Mr. Kynaston in his second innings. The weather was equally fine, and the company quite as numerous as on the first day.

The following is the score:—

ENGLAND.			KENT.		
FIRST INNINGS.			FIRST INNINGS.		
W. Nicholson, Esq., c. Felix, b.			Adams, c. Wisden, b. Lillywhite	19	
Hillyer.....	11		W. Pilch, b. Lillywhite.....	22	
Dean, c. Felix, b. Hillyer.....	13		L. Bayley, Esq., b. Clarke.....	18	
Box, b. Hillyer.....	0		Martingell, c. Sewell, b. Clarke.	7	
Guy, c. Felix, b. Hillyer.....	1		F. Pilch, c. Dean, b. Lillywhite.	40	
G. Parr, b. Mynn.....	9		N. Felix, Esq., b. Wisden.....	24	
Sewell, st. Dorrington, b. Hillyer.	0		A. Mynn, Esq., not out.....	12	
Clarke, not out.....	20		Dorrington, b. Lillywhite.....	11	
H. Fellowes, Esq., b. Mynn.....	2		Martin, b. Wisden.....	1	
R. Kynaston, Esq., c. and b. Hill-			F. Fredericks, Esq., b. Wisden..	0	
yer.....	0		Hillyer, b. Wisden.....	4	
Wisden, c. Hillyer, b. Mynn.....	1		Byes.....	6	
Lillywhite, c. Felix, b. Hillyer..	3		Wides (Fellowes, 4, Dean 3)	7	
Byes.....	3				
Wide balls (Mynn).....	4				
Total.....	67		Total.....	171	
SECOND INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
c. Felix, b. Mynn.....	21		b. Lillywhite.....	11	
b. Hillyer.....	4		b. Lillywhite.....	2	
c. Felix, b. Adams.....	19		not out.....	0	
b. Martingell.....	17		b. Wisden.....	11	
c. Martingell, b. Hillyer.....	16		b. Lillywhite.....	1	
run out.....	0		c. and b. Wisden.....	0	
c. Fredericks, b. Hillyer.....	16		c. and b. Wisden.....	0	
c. Felix, b. Mynn.....	5		c. Dean, b. Wisden.....	11	
b. Hillyer.....	39		Byes.....	1	
st. Dorrington, b. Hillyer.....	8		Total.....	53	
not out.....	1				
Byes.....	5				
Wide balls (Mynn).....	3				

A KISS.

There is a charming *naïveté* and ingenuousness about the following, which must commend itself to every lover of innocent simplicity:—

There's something in a kiss—though I cannot reveal it:
It never comes amiss—not even when you steal it.
You cannot taste a kiss, and sure you cannot view it—
But still there is a bliss communicated through it.

I am well convinced there is a certain something in it;
Though but a simple kiss—we wisely strive to win it.
There's pleasure in a kiss—if nothing else would prove it,
It may be proved alone, by this—all honest people love it.

My mamma scoldeth, I give so many kitheth;
But she had better hold her noithy clack;
Thshe don't coathider that we brisk young kitheths,
When'er we pleathe, can get our kitheth back.

Whether it Hurts.—A Dominican friar was asked by a lady whether there was any harm in reading novels and going to the play. "It is a question for *me* to ask, and for *you* to answer," said the shrewd and holy friar.

Jeffries, the great British reviewer, seems to have thought the Yankees were "some." It is said he once remarked that it was his firm belief that if a premium of a thousand dollars were offered for the best translation of the Greek Bible, it would be taken by a Yankee, who, till the offer was made, had never seen a word of Greek in his life. He would commence learning the language immediately, to qualify himself for the great undertaking, and would finish the whole work quicker than any other person, and bear off the premium.

It is a curious fact that almost the entire of the finest violins now to be found are the work of Cremonese makers. Their violins, it is said, have often been taken to pieces by the most expert artists, in order to construct others on their exact model, and yet the experiment has utterly failed. New experiments have been tried, and scientific models on the principles of sound have been invented, but without shaking the superiority of the Cremonese.

The Sunday Dispatch tells a good 'un of the sexton of a Church in New York, who handed the Rector of the Church a note, which, as it commenced in the usual form of application for prayers, he proceeded to read as follows:—"The prayers of this congregation are solicited for a young man who has gone to sea—the elephant!"

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

Ship Fever, Dysentery, etc., etc.—May not all sickness be a deficiency of some vital principle of the blood? Or, may not certain conditions be necessary to enable the blood to become the recipient of oxygen, so that its discarbonizing power shall be sustained in full vigor? It is probably the want of these influences may be the occasion of "Ship Fever," and all fevers of the Typhoid character; and of Cholera Morbus and Dysentery diseases generally. In fact it may be only modifications of these same influences, which occasion all other diseases; showing the great probability of the unity of disease. The people should think of these things.

In "Ship Fever" the pulse ranges from 45 to 55 beats in a minute, and sometimes lower still; in such a state of the circulation, there must be constantly accumulating those particles which are analogous to those found in the dead body. And in all cases where the circulation is impeded, or where from any cause the blood is prevented from throwing off the usual quantity of carbon, we find that a Dysenteric stage supervenes, the bowels in these cases endeavouring to do the work of the lungs. Instead of astringents, nature should be assisted in endeavours to cleanse the system, and the blood, of these retained impurities. And unless this course is followed, there is no other condition for the body but death. It is in circumstances like these, that the "Brandreth Pills" are so important; because of their vitalizing qualities; because of their purifying powers; because, while they cleanse the system, they impart life; because they go at once to the seat of the disease and produce just the kind of action the body wants to strengthen and to save.

It may not be unwise to go into an inquiry respecting the originating causes of these contagious maladies. During the putrefaction of animal and vegetable bodies, certain substances are generated which act as deadly poisons to man; especially to the Caucasian, or white-skinned family of mankind. The exhalation or vapors from swamps, from grave-yards, and from all putrefactive material, and from large congregations of living beings confined in a small space for a considerable period, are known to hold in solution *sulphuretted hydrogen*. This gas is so deadly in its nature that one part only to five hundred parts of atmospheric air, is destructive, *is instant death*, to a white man. And herein is, perhaps, the reason of the great mortality to the white-skinned race on the shores of Africa. The time may not be distant, however, when an antidote may be used in the shape of Brandreth's Pills, and an outward application to the skin, which shall render the absorption less, nearer to what it is in the negro, which shall make those shores no more fatal than our own prairies to the pioneer of the West. Three or four hundred men are congregated in the hold of a ship, where thirty or forty only ought to be. The first effect is a want of vitality in the air; the second effect and a consequence of the first is, that exhalations arise from these now diseased human beings, which is charged with, say one part of sulphuretted hydrogen gas in two thousand parts of atmospheric air. The third result is a consequence of the two first; it is low fever, in those whose vital powers are weakest, and the cause continuing, the fever puts on a more decided typhoid character, until the peculiar symptoms seen in Camp, in Gaol and Ship Fevers, are fully established.

To prevent this disease on board ship, there must be less people congregated together; and greater care must be had to ensure cleanliness and thorough ventilation. Chloride of lime should be provided by the ship owners, which should be sprinkled about the hold daily.

Particular Symptoms of Ship Fever.—Lowness of spirits, foreboding of some calamity; pain in the small of the back; pain in the head; vertigo, and occasional vomiting; heavy pain on the right side extending upward to the nipple; the skin hot and dry; belly bound; stools, if any, dark color; tongue furred, sometimes mahogany colored; teeth covered with scordes; great thirst; pulse from 40 to 55. These symptoms are the same as in Typhus Fever, except that the pulse in the latter is sometimes as high as 120 beats a minute in the first stage.

The Cure.—So soon as any of the above symptoms show themselves, immediately take four or six of Brandreth's Pills; they must be taken every few hours until they purge freely, and afterwards once or twice a day till the stools are of a natural color and odour, and the tongue clean. The pulse will be raised by this course and the strength improved. The same directions are applicable to dysentery, whether alone or a consequence of Ship Fever. In all dysenteric cases, or where the bowels are much affected, let gum water be drunk often. In this complaint, and in Ship Fever, and in all diseases in which Brandreth's Pills are used as the medicine, drink boneset, balm, catnip, or sage teas. These may be drunk cold or hot. Cold always when preferred. Toast and water is also very good. It is important, however, that some of the above teas be drunk.

In cholera morbus and dysentery, or cholice, when there is great pain of the bowels, take

two or three pills every few minutes with peppermint water, mint tea, or even brandy, until an operation is evidently procured from the pills; afterward the pain will soon moderate. And in a few hours, so great a change for the better will have taken place, as to be the occasion of great cause of thankfulness. The pills should be taken afterward every night for a few nights, say three or four going to bed, until health is fully restored.

A Prevention for all Contagious Diseases is found in Brandreth's Pills. For this purpose they should be used in doses sufficient to purge freely once or twice a week. They cleanse that out of the system on which the very miners of the contagion fix itself. The bowels and blood are thus kept pure; Brandreth's Pills are truly the safety valve of Disease.

Free of Charge.—"Vegetable Purgation," a pamphlet of 18 pages, is given to all who will call for it, free of charge, at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, New York, where the Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions. Also, at 274 Bowery, 241 Hudson st., N. Y.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market street, Brooklyn; 45 Atlantic street, South Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; J. S. Kenyon, Harlem; E. Wisner, corner Broad and Commerce streets, Newark; J. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, N. J.

N. B. There is no surer that you get Brandreth's Pills unless you purchase only of the duly authorized Agents.

Be careful of counterfeit Pills. All persons should be careful to purchase at Dr. Brandreth's office, or of the regular appointed agents. They would thus ensure themselves the genuine article, otherwise they may get a counterfeit, as a new one has recently been offered in this city. [Aug. 21]

MANAGER WANTED,

TO TAKE CHARGE OF A WHEAT, CORN, AND CLOVER PLANTATION, in North Carolina. None need apply but with the following essentials. Good recommendations, a practical familiarity with modern principles of agriculture, activity and energy in forwarding the owner's interests. Salary from \$200 to \$350, exclusive of a house, one servant, horse to ride, and support from plantation supplies, such as flour, meat, meal, etc. An intelligent Scotch farmer, with small family, preferable. Apply to the Editor of the Cultivator, or to H. K. BURGWIN, Halifax, N. C.

Sept. 25-1m*

AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIRT DEPOT.

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIRT DEPOT, 59 NASSAU STREET, one door above Maiden Lane, where SHIRTS of every style are made to order, and which, for elegance of fit and neatness of workmanship, cannot be excelled. And we are determined to merit the approbation of the public, by giving them a superior article at a reasonable price. A large assortment of ready made Shirts, Collars, and Bosoms always on hand. [s18-3m] MRS. C. CLARKE, Manager.

EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL, 22 East Fourteenth street, (between University Place and Fifth Avenue.) Circulars can be obtained at the School, or from C. Henry Edwards, at the office of the Nautilus Insurance Company, 29 Wall street. TWO Private Pupils, from the ages of 14 to 18, will be received into Mr. H.'s family. For terms, apply at his residence as above. [Sept. 18-4t.]

GEORGE CONRAD, BOOT MAKER.

No. 27 Merchants' Exchange, Hanover street, New York. [Sept. 18]

PRIVATE CLASSES IN FRENCH.

A. BASSET, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AND LITERATURE, will organize his Evening Classes in French on the 8th instant, or thereabout, at his residence, 264 Broadway, entrance in Franklin st. His method of teaching will relieve the Pupil of two hours study on each lesson. The conversation of the language compared with the English, will be given without studying rules, exceptions, notes, etc., etc. For further particulars, on application, all will be explained.

The Members of the Mechanics' Institute will be received on the usual terms, by showing their certificate.

A CLASS FOR LADIES IN THE AFTERNOON.

Those who wish to join a Conversation Class, will find one already formed. N. B.—AN EVENING CLASS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, is already formed at 101 East Broadway, for those who live in that vicinity, at the residence of Dr. Breed. [Sept. 4-6t.]

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

"A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN." (EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000, sterling, or \$2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about \$185,000.

(Part of the Capital is invested in the United States)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-st. Hanover-square,

Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st.)—New York—Jacob Harvey, Esq., Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq., Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., James Boorman, Esq., George Barclay, Esq., Samuel S. Howland, Esq., Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., William Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

EDWARD T. RICHARDSON, Esq., General Agent.

Pamphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c., &c. obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st., or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent

for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies. [Sept. 3.]

SWIMMING BATH, DESBROSSES ST.; CROTON BATH, ASTOR HOUSE; SWIMMING BATH, BATTERY.

The above Baths are now open. Warm water is a healthful stimulant; it at once makes clean and strong, and those who use it will recognise its excellent influence in freedom from physical weakness and mental depression. Physicians are unanimous in commending it as alike purifying and health-promoting; and differing from their usual custom, as regards large doses, not only prescribe these Warm and Cold Baths for their patients, but actually take them themselves. [July 17.]

LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER. Can be obtained only of the Patentee. THOS. PROSSER, 28 Platt Street, N. Y. April.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.—One Senator for the Third Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Wards of the City of New York; One Senator for the Fourth Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Wards of the said city; One Senator for the Fifth Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth Wards of the said city; and One Senator for the Sixth Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wards of the said city.

COUNTY.—Also the following officers for the said City and County, to wit:—Sixteen Members of Assembly—One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, August 5th, 1847.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

—All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat., vol. 1., chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st., page 140. [Aug. 14.]

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. [Ap. 20-tf.]

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS.

FOWLER & WELLS,

131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

May

PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

WHILE you have it, it is too late after it has fallen off—(the advertisement of Emperie's to the contrary notwithstanding.) The Medical Faculty recommend Camm's Spanish Lustral Hair Preservative as the best article yet known for that purpose. A. B. & D. Sands are the agents in New York.

N. B.—None genuine without the name of T. W. CAMM blown in the bottle. [Jy 10-1y*.]

J. CONRAD,

FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER,

No. 56 Market Street and No. 5 Ann Street,

New York

June 19*-1y.]

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. (G) LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. [July 7-ly.]

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive Improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Maun Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principally, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holdness of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers is solicited, by HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st., cor. of Gold [Oct. 3-tf.]

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIERS. DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following descriptions, which they will sell at wholesale or retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.	
Suspending Solars, do. do.	
Bracket Solars, do. do.	
Solar Chandeliers, do. do., 2, 3 and 4 lights.	
Suspending Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do	
Side, do. do.	
Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.	
Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns.	
Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.	May

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

[Jy 4-ly.]

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

THE CANADA HOUSE.—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the Public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivalled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

The charges at the Canada House will be the same as last year, namely:—

By the Month	£6 0 0
By the Week	1 10 0
By the Day	0 6 6

June 12-131]

H. CLIFTON.

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,

FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND EMBELLISHING THE HAIR. STANDS unrivalled; and is now the only article used by those who value a good head of hair. It is alike efficacious in exterminating scurf and dandruff; and the beautifying lustre it gives to the hair, ensures its success at the toilet of every lady of fashion. For farther particulars see pamphlet, containing certificates from some of the most eminent physicians, &c., to be had of his agents throughout the United States and Canada, among which are the following:—

AGENTS.—E. Mason, Portland; W. R. Preston, Portsmouth; Carleton & Co., and J. C. Ayer, Lowell; B. K. Bliss, Springfield; D. Scott, Jr. & Co., Worcester; J. R. & C. Thornton, and Dr. Cadwell, New Bedford; R. J. Taylor, Newport, Mass.; A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. Y.; E. Trevel & Son, Poughkeepsie; G. Dexter, Albany; Dr. Hiemstreet, Troy; T. Hunt, Auburn; Wm. Pitken, Rochester; G. H. Fish, Saratoga; Tolman & Williams, Syracuse; L. Kelley, Geneva; E. S. Barnum & Son, Utica; Wm. Coleman, Buffalo; Seth G. Hance, Druggist, and William H. A. Myers, Hair Dresser, Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Kneeland & Co., 127 Canal St., New Orleans, La.; and other places.

(G) A treatise on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Hair, with directions for preserving the same, &c., accompanies each bottle of "the Hyperion."

WILLIAM BOGLE,

First Premium Ventilating and Gossamer Wig Maker, No. 228 Washington St., Boston.

[Jy 10-1y*.]

PIANOFORTE, SINGING, ETC.

A LADY eminently qualified, is desirous of teaching a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING; also the GUITAR. Pupils taught at their own or her residence. Terms moderate. For particulars, apply at No. 147 Chambers street. [August 14.]

A remittance of **FOUR DOLLARS** will entitle a subscriber to one of our large and beautiful **ENGRAVINGS**, and the Paper for one year. A remittance of **SEVEN DOLLARS** will entitle a subscriber to a complete set of our **STEEL ENGRAVINGS**, and the Paper for one year. The following are the engravings we have already issued: **WASHINGTON, SIR WALTER SCOTT, WELLINGTON, and NELSON, and SIR R. FEEL**